
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

JULY, 1800.

SKETCH

OF

THE MEMOIRS OF SAMUEL PARR, LL. D.

ANY particulars respecting this excellent scholar and amiable divine must be acceptable to our readers. Merit of every kind is entitled to notice, and we are always glad to record it in the pages of our MISCELLANY.

DOCTOR SAMUEL PARR was born at Harrow on the Hill, the 26th of January 1747. His father was an apothecary of considerable respectability. At this place also he was educated, and was a cotemporary with Mr. Sheridan and Sir William Jones, of immortal memory.

From Harrow he was sent to Cambridge, where he distinguished himself for his unwearied application to every branch of literature. He, however, at the expiration of his studies returned, to his native place, becoming head assistant to Dr. Sumner, who then presided over Harrow school. Not succeeding Dr. Sumner at his death, on account of his youth, he opened a school at Stanmore, where he was joined by many of his former scholars. Here, among various others of

ability, Mr. Maurice was brought up, who has distinguished himself by his *Indian Antiquities*, his *History of Hindostan*, and a volume of exquisite poetry.

In 1777, Doctor Parr removed to Colchester, and settled there as master of an endowed school, and in 1778 he went to Norwich, where he presided over a similar institution.

In 1783, Dr. Lowth promoted the subject of our memoir to a prebend in the cathedral church of St. Paul. Lowth was both a discerner and rewarder of merit—this trait reflects an high honour on his memory.

In 1786, he removed from Norwich to the curacy of Hatton, near Warwick, to which he had been presented the preceding year by Lady Trafford. Here he took a few pupils into his house, and discharged his arduous duty towards them with fidelity. Few are acquainted with the care and anxiety which a tutor must feel towards his pupils; and through the perverseness of the scholar and the caprice of the parent, the master sometimes feels it to be a thankless office, though entitled in every respect to the esteem and gratitude of the community.

The most curious of Dr. Parr's publications is, "*Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian, not admitted into the collection of their respective Works.*" The history of this volume is curious, and the following facts will serve for its illustration.

Dr. Hurd, bishop of Worcester, had published a splendid edition of Warburton's works, in six volumes quarto, but had not included two of his earliest publications. From whatever motive they were left out Dr. Parr thought that they, together with Defences of Warburton by Hurd, should be re-published, and thus restored to the public. This he accomplished. But as these early tracts are indifferent productions, and as the Defences are servile, the re-publication of them could not be very grateful to the lovers of Warburton, and especially to the right reverend editor of Warbur-

ton's works. To the whole was prefixed a preface, in which Dr. Parr has displayed an astonishing fund of wit and eloquence. This extraordinary portion of the volume has attracted great attention.

In this preface the characters of Jortin, Leland, and Warburton, are drawn with exquisite discernment and felicity. It has been said of some parts of this composition, "that they unite the elegance of Addison and the accuracy of Swift to the gravity of Johnson and the sublimity of Burke!"

Of WARBURTON he remarks—

"The dawn of Warburton's fame was overspread with many clouds, which the native force of his mind quickly dispelled. Soon after his emersion from them, he was honoured by the friendship of Pope, and the enmity of Bolingbroke. In the fulness of his meridian glory, he was caressed by Lord Hardwick and Lord Mansfield; and his setting lustre was viewed with nobler feelings than those of mere forgiveness by the amiable and venerable Dr. Lowth. Hallifax revered him, Balguy loved him, and, in two immortal works, Johnson has stood forth in the foremost rank of his admirers. By the testimony of such a man, impertinence must be abashed, and malignity itself must be softened. Of literary merit, Johnson, as we all know, was a sagacious, but a most severe judge. Such was his discernment, that he pierced into the most secret springs of human actions, and such was his integrity, that he always weighed the moral characters of his fellow creatures in the 'balance of the sanctuary.' He was too courageous to propitiate a rival, and too proud to truckle to a superior. Warburton he knew, as I know him, and as every man of sense and virtue would wish to be known—I mean, both from his own writings, and from the writings of those who dissented from his principles, or who envied his reputation. But as to favours, he had never received or asked any from the Bishop of Gloucester; and, if my memory fails me not he had seen him only once, when they met almost without design, conversed without much effort, and parted without any lasting impressions of hatred or affection. Yet, with all the ardour of sympathetic genius, Johnson has done that sponta-

neously and ably, which, by some writers had been before attempted injudiciously, and which, by others, from whom more successful attempts might have been expected, has not *hitherto* been done at all. He spoke well of Warburton, without insulting those whom Warburton despised. He suppressed not the imperfections of this extraordinary man, while he endeavoured to do justice to his numerous and transcendental excellencies. He defended him when living amidst the clamours of his enemies, and praised him when dead, amidst the *silence of his friends.*"

DR. PARR then proceeds to the delineation of *Leland* and *Jortin*; so masterly a sketch shall be transcribed entire; those who know the character and writings of these excellent and learned clergymen, will admire its fidelity.

"From Warburton, whom I have here commended without adulation, as I had before censured him without acrimony, I now proceed to speak more at large of *Leland* and *Jortin*. For them too, I have a blessing, which if it be less efficacious than that of the patriarch, is, however, not less sincere. Virtually, and by implication, they were defended in the preceding dedication. But they have a title to more direct and explicit praise, and I have chosen this part of the preface, as a proper place for bestowing it.

"Of *Leland* my opinion is not, like the letter-writer's, founded upon * hear-say evidence, nor is it determined solely by the great authority of Dr. Johnson, who always mentioned Dr. *Leland* with cordial regard and with marked respect. It might, perhaps, be invidious for me to hazard a favourable decision upon his *History of Ireland*, because the merits of that work have been disputed by critics, some of whom, are, I think, warped in their judgments by literary, other, by national, and more, I have reason to believe, by personal prejudices. But I may with confidence appeal to writings, which have long contributed to public amusement, and have often been honoured by public approbation—to the life of *Phillip*, and to the translation of *Demosthenes*, which the letter-writer

* See the Letter to *Leland* in the conclusion.

professes to have *not* read—to the judicious Dissertation upon Eloquence, which the letter-writer *did* vouchsafe to read, before he answered it—to the spirited defence of that dissertation, which the letter-writer, *probably*, has read, but never *attempted* to answer. The Life of Philip contains many curious researches into the principles of government established among the leading states of Greece: many sagacious remarks on their intestine discords: many exact descriptions of their most celebrated characters, together with an extensive and correct view of those subtle intrigues, and those ambitious projects, by which Philip *, at a favourable crisis, gradually obtained an unexampled and fatal mastery over the Grecian republics. In the Translation of Demosthenes, Leland unites the man of taste with the man of learning, and shews himself to have possessed, not only a competent knowledge of the Greek language, but that clearness in his own conceptions, and that animation in his feelings, which enabled him to catch the real meaning, and to preserve the genuine spirit, of the most perfect orator that Athens ever produced. Through the Dissertation upon Eloquence, and the Defence of it, we see great accuracy of erudition, great perspicuity and strength of style, and, above all, a stoutness of judgment, which, in traversing the open and spacious walks of literature, disdained to be led captive, either by the sorceries of a self-deluded visionary, or the decrees of a self-created despot.

“As to Jortin, whether I look back to his verse, to his prose, to his critical, or to his theological works, there are few authors to whom I am so much indebted for rational entertainment, or for solid instruction. Learned he was, without pedantry. He was ingenious without the affectation of singularity. He was a lover of truth, without hovering over the gloomy abyss of scepticism, and a friend to free-enquiry, without roving into the dreary and pathless wilds of latitudinarianism. He had a heart which never disgraced the powers of his understanding. With a lively imagination, an ele-

* Upon this subject Valckenaer has written a very learned and judicious Diatribe, which was delivered at Franequer, 1760, and published (with the speeches of Hemsterhuis) at Leyden in 1784.

gant taste, and a judgment most masculine and most correct, he united the artless and amiable negligence of a school boy. Wit without ill nature, and sense without effort, he could, at will, scatter upon every subject; and in every book, the writer presents us with a near and distinct view of the real man.

“His style, though inartificial, is sometimes elevated: though familiar, it is never mean; and though employed upon various topics of theology, ethics, and criticism, it is not arrayed in any delusive resemblance, either of solemnity, from fanatical cant, of profoundness, from scholastic jargon, of precision, from the crabbed formalities of cloudy philologists, or of refinement, from the technical babble of frivolous connoisseurs.

“At the shadowy and fleeting reputation which is sometimes gained by the petty frolics of literary vanity, or the mischievous struggles of controversial rage, Jortin never grasped. Truth, which some men are ambitious of seizing by surprise in the trackless and dark recess, he was content to overtake in the broad and beaten path: and in the pursuit of it, if he does not excite our astonishment by the rapidity of his strides, he, at least, secures our confidence by the firmness of his step. To the examination of positions advanced by other men, he always brought a mind, which neither prepossession had seduced, nor malevolence polluted. He imposed not his own conjectures as infallible and irresistible truths, nor endeavoured to give an air of importance to trifles, by dogmatical vehemence. He could support his more serious opinions, without the versatility of a sophist, the fierceness of a disputant, or the impertinence of a buffoon—more than this—he could *relinquish or correct* them with the calm and steady dignity of a writer, who, while he yielded something to the arguments of his antagonists, was conscious of retaining enough to command their respect. He had too much discernment to confound difference of opinion with malignity or dullness, and too much candour to insult, where he could not persuade. Though his sensibilities were neither coarse nor sluggish, he yet was exempt from those fickle humours, those rankling jealousies, and that restless waywardness, which men of the brightest talents are too prone to indulge. He carried with him, into every station in which he was placed, and every

subject which he explored, a solid greatness of soul, which could spare an inferior, though in the offensive form of an adversary, and endure an equal with, or without, the sacred name of friend. The importance of commendation, as well to him who bestows, as to him who claims it, he estimated not only with justice, but with delicacy, and therefore, he neither wantonly lavished it, nor withheld it austere. But invective he neither provoked nor feared; and, as to the severities of contempt, he reserved them for occasions where alone they *could* be employed with propriety, and where, by *himself*, they always *were* employed with effect—for the chastisement of arrogant dunces, of censorious sciolists, of intolerant bigots in every sect, and unprincipled impostors in every profession. Distinguished in various forms of literary composition, engaged in various duties of his ecclesiastical profession, and blessed with a long and honourable life, he nobly exemplified that rare and illustrious virtue of charity, which Leland, in his reply to the letter-writer, thus eloquently describes. ‘Charity never misrepresents; never ascribes obnoxious principles or mistaken opinions to an opponent, which he himself disavows; is not so earnest in refuting, as to fancy positions never asserted, and to extend its censure to opinions, which *will perhaps* be delivered. Charity is utterly averse to sneering, the most despicable species of ridicule, that most despicable subterfuge of an impotent objector. Charity never supposes, that all sense and knowledge are confined to a particular circle, to a district, or to a country: charity never condemns and embraces principles in the same breath; never *professes* to confute, what it *acknowledges* to be just, never presumes to bear down an adversary with confident assertions; charity does not call dissent insolence, or the want of implicit submission a want of common * respect.’

“This, I cannot help exclaiming in the words of the R. R. Remarker—‘This is the solution of a philosopher indeed; clear, simple, manly, rational, and striking conviction in every word, unlike the refined and fantastic nonsense of a writer of † paradoxes.’

* Page 51 of the Quarto edition of Dr. Leland’s Answer, printed at London, 1765.

† Vide Remarks on Hume, p. 93.

“The esteem, the affection, the reverence, which I feel for so profound a scholar, and so honest a man, as Dr. Jortin, make me wholly indifferent to the praise and censure of those who vilify, without reading, his writings, or read them, without finding some incentive to study, some proficiency in knowledge, or some improvement in virtue.”

DR. PARR soon after this became acquainted with the celebrated Dr. Priestley, who then resided at Birmingham. An intimacy commenced between these kindred souls, confirmed by their knowledge of each other. This is a lasting proof of the candour of DR. PARR, and the following paragraph forms his apology —“I knew that Dr. John Leland, of Ireland, lived in terms of intimacy with many English prelates; that Archbishop Secker preserved his acquaintance with Dr. Chandler; that Dr. Johnson admitted the visits of Dr. Fordyce, and did not decline the company of Dr. Mayo. When I myself lived at Norwich, Mr. Bourne, a dissenting teacher, less eminent for the boldness of his opinions than for the depth of his researches, was very well received by the worthiest and most respectable clergymen of that city. I was therefore, and now am at a loss to see why a clergyman of the church of England should shun the presence of a dissenting minister, merely because they do not agree on doctrinal points, which have long divided the christian world; and, indeed I have always found, that when men of sense and virtue mingled in conversation, the harsh and confused suspicions which they have entertained of each other, give way to more just and more candid sentiments.”

The infamous riots of Birmingham, in 1791, threatened to affect the abode of DR. PARR, at Hatton, because he was acquainted with Dr. Priestley. But from these outrages he escaped. In his *Sequel*, however, he justly complains of the fears which he entertained, and of the danger which threatened his felicity.

A remarkable pamphlet came from his pen in 1792, entitled "A Letter from Irenopolis to the Inhabitants of Eleutheropolis, or a serious Address to the Dissenters of Birmingham, by a Member of the Established Church." The purport of this piece was to dissuade the dissenters at Birmingham from celebrating the revolution in France; since, in the preceding year, it had been made the pretence for insulting their persons and destroying their habitations. But the dissenters had no such intentions—the report was propagated by an outrageous zeal and an implacable bigotry. The pamphlet, however, possessed the most pacific tendency.

In this piece DR. PARR has, in a few words, drawn a character of Dr. Priestley. Whatever may be the religious political sentiments of this celebrated philosopher, it is fit and proper that justice should be done to his attainments and virtues. The following sketch, coming from a most distinguished member of the church of England, is entitled to particular attention. "I confess with sorrow, that in too many instances such modes of defence have been used against the formidable heresiarch (Dr. Priestley) as would hardly be justifiable in the support of revelation itself against the arrogance of a Bolingbroke, the buffoonery of Mandeville, and the levity of a Voltaire. But the cause of orthodoxy requires not such aids; the church of England approves them not—the spirit of christianity warrants them not. Let Dr. Priestley indeed be confuted where he is mistaken; let him be exposed where he is superficial; let him be repressed where he is dogmatical; let him be rebuked where he is censorious; but let not his attainments be depreciated because they are numerous, almost without a parallel. Let not his talents be ridiculed, because they are superlatively great; let not his morals be vilified because they are correct without austerity, and exemplary without ostentation; because they present, even to common observers, the innocence of a hermit and the simplicity of a patriarch; and because a

philosophic eye will at once discover in them the deep fixed root of virtuous principle, and the solid trunk of virtuous habit!"

Other publications have proceeded from the pen of this learned divine, but we have mentioned the principal, which have attracted a very general attention. We much wish that he would apply his talents and profound learning to some permanent work, whose contents would equally suit distant ages and distant generations!

DR. PARR lately preached at Christ Church, before the present *Lord Mayor of London*, a most eloquent sermon on the *Duties of Benevolence*! It is impossible to do justice to this discourse. The perspicuity with which he explained, and the energy with which he enforced the doctrines and precepts of revelation, drew universal admiration. Friend and foe, absorbed in attention, hung on the preacher's lips;—we were never present at any scene which bore so impressive a solemnity!

SLEEP-WALKING.

IT is wonderful that this unaccountable habit is not more frequently the occasion of melancholy accidents. On the contrary, persons liable to it have often been known to walk through very intricate and dangerous places with the greatest safety.

The following remarkable account of a sleep-walker may perhaps not be unacceptable to some of our readers. It is taken from the *Vignuel Marvillian* of Noel Bonaventure d'Argonne.

One of my friends (says the author) having invited me to pass a few days in the country, I accepted his offer, and met with much good company, and several persons of distinction; among them there was an Italian gentleman, whose name was Agostini Fotari,

Fotari, who walked in his sleep, and performed all the ordinary actions of life as well as when awake.

He did not appear to be above thirty years of age, very thin, dark complexion, melancholy appearance, of a solid, penetrating genius, capable of comprehending the most abstract sciences. The approach of his derangement was generally at the increase of the moon, and stronger during autumn and winter than spring and summer. I had a strange curiosity to see what they said of him. I communicated my wishes to his valet; he told me wonderful things, and promised to inform me when his master performed this pleasant scene.

One evening near the end of October, we sat down after supper to play at cards. Signior Agostini was of the party, but soon retired to bed. About eleven o'clock, his valet came to inform us, that his master was afflicted, if we wished to see him. I observed him some time with a candle in my hand; he was sleeping on his back, and slept with his eyes open, but they were steadily fixed; this, according to the valet's account, was a certain sign of approaching derangement. I felt his hands; they were very cold, and his pulse so languid, that it seemed as if his blood did not circulate. Near about midnight, Signior Agostini violently pulled the curtains of his bed, he took his belt, which hung on the bed post, but from which his sword had been taken for fear of an accident. Thus dressed, he made several turns round his chamber, then went towards the fire, and seated himself in an arm chair.

A short time after this he went into a closet where his portmanteau was; this he searched a long time, turned every thing out, replaced them again in good order, and put the key in his pocket, from whence he took a letter and placed it on the mantle-piece. He then went to the chamber-door, opened it, and descended the stairs; when he got to the bottom, one of us jumped with great force; this seemed to frighten him, and he redoubled his pace.

His valet desired us to walk slowly, and not to speak, because when the noise which is made mixes with his dream, he becomes furious, and runs very fast, as though he were pursued.

Signior Agostini now traversed the court-yard, which was very spacious, and went to the stable: he entered it, caressed his horse, bridled, and wanted to saddle it, but not finding the saddle in its usual place, he appeared much disturbed, like a person out of his senses. He mounted the horse, and galloped to the door of the house; it was shut. He dismounted, took a stone, and struck very forcibly against one of the pannels. After several useless efforts to open the door, he led his horse towards a pond, which was on the other side of the court yard, let it drink, then led it to a post, and came back to the house in a tranquil state.

To the noise which the servants made in the kitchen, he was very attentive, went towards the door, and placed his ear to the key-hole. On a sudden he went to a parlour, where there was a billiard-table: there he struck the balls, and put himself in all the different postures which people who play the game, find it necessary to assume sometimes. From thence he went to an harpsichord, on which he played tolerably well, but it seemed to disorder him very much. At last, after two hours exercise, he returned to his chamber, and threw himself, dressed as he was, upon the bed, where we found him at nine o'clock next morning in the posture we left him.

In these paroxysms he always slept nine or ten hours. The valet informed us there were but two ways of rousing him—one, to tickle the bottom of his feet; the other, to sound a horn, or play a trumpet at his ears.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XLI.]

TRUTH.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

Oh! how unlike the complex works of man,
 Heav'n's easy, artless, unincumber'd plan;
 No meretricious graces to beguile,
 No clustering ornaments to clog the pile;
 From ostentation as from weakness free,
 It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
 Majestic in its own simplicity!

COWPER.

FROM the consideration of *error*, with all its intricate mazes, Mr. Cowper proceeds to the investigation of *TRUTH*, a subject of importance and of sublimity. It has engaged the attention of the divine and the philosopher; and its acquisition lays ground for high exultation. Each sect, both of religion and philosophy, claims its possession; so pleasing is its nature, and so necessary is it deemed to present and future felicity.

Our poet here particularly regards *truth* in a practical point of view. Hence its supreme importance. In passing through life, it is to be wished that we were never seduced by error, that we steadily pursued our greatest good, and sedulously cherished the welfare both of ourselves and of the community. Thus our own peace would be established on a broad and permanent foundation. For in such a case few would be the sources of our infelicity!

In our search after truth the temper of the mind is to be chiefly considered, and accordingly our author is severe on every kind of pride and ostentation. Take the following picture of the *pharisee*:

VOL. X.

U

Who judg'd the pharisee? What odious cause
 Expos'd him to the vengeance of the laws?
 Had he seduc'd a virgin, wrong'd a friend,
 Or stabb'd a man to serve some private end?
 Was blasphemy his sin? Or did he stray
 From the strict duties of the sacred day;
 Sit long and late at the carousing board?
 (Such were the sins with which he charg'd his Lord.)
 No—the man's morals were exact. What then?
 'Twas his ambition to be seen of men;
 His virtues were his pride; and that one vice
 Made all his virtues gewgaws of no price;
 He wore them, as fine trappings, for a show;
 A praying, synagogue-frequenting, beau.
 The self-applauding bird, the peacock, see—
 Mark what a sumptuous pharisee is he!
 Meridian sun-beams tempt him to unfold
 His radiant glories; azure, green, and gold:
 He treads as if, some solemn music near,
 His measur'd step was govern'd by his ear;
 And seems to say—Ye meaner fowl, give place;
 I am all splendour, dignity, and grace!

Another portrait of the *hermit* and *bramin* are
 equally well drawn:

His dwelling a recess in some rude rock;
 Book, beads, and maple-dish, his meagre stock;
 In shirt of hair and weeds of canvass dress'd,
 Girt with a bell-rope that the pope has bless'd;
 Adust with stripes, told out for ev'ry crime,
 And sore tormented, long before his time;
 His pray'r prefer'd to saints that cannot aid;
 His praise postpon'd, and never to be paid;
 See the sage hermit, by mankind admir'd,
 With all that bigotry adopts inspir'd,
 Wearing out life in his religious whim,
 Till his religious whimsy wears out him.
 His works, his abstinence, his zeal, allow'd,
 You think him humble—God accounts him proud.
 High in demand, though lowly in pretence,
 Of all his conduct this the genuine sense—

My penitential stripes, my streaming blood,
Have purchas'd heav'n, and prove my title good.

Turn eastward now, and fancy shall apply
To your weak sight her telescopic eye.
The bramin kindles on his own bare head
The sacred fire—self-torturing his trade !
His voluntary pains, severe and long,
Would give a barb'rous air to British song ;
No grand inquisitor could worse invent,
Than he contrives, to suffer, well content.

Which is the saintlier worthy of the two ?
Past all dispute, yon anchorite say you.
Your sentence and mine differ. What's a name ?
I say the bramin has a fairer claim.
If sufferings, scripture no where recommends,
Devis'd by self, to answer selfish ends,
Give saintship, then all Europe must agree
Ten starvling hermits suffer less than he.

The *prude* likewise is delineated with an humorous
ability—

Yon ancient *prude*, whose wither'd features show
She might be young some forty years ago,
Her elbows pinion'd close upon her hips,
Her head erect, her fan upon her lips,
Her eye-brows arch'd, her eyes both gone astray
To watch yon am'rous couple in their play,
With bony and unkerchief'd neck, defies
The rude inclemency of wintry skies,
And sails, with lappet-head and mincing airs,
Duly, at clink of bell, to morning pray'rs.
To thrift and parsimony much inclin'd,
She yet allows herself that boy behind.
The shiv'ring urchin, bending as he goes,
With slip-shod heels, and dew-drop at his nose ;
His predecessor's coat advanc'd to wear,
Which future pages yet are doom'd to share ;
Carries her bible, tuck'd beneath his arm,
And hides his hands, to keep his fingers warm.

She, half an angel in her own account,
 Doubts not hereafter with the saints to mount,
 Thought not a grace appears, on strictest search,
 But that she fasts, and, *item*, goes to church.
 Conscious of age, she recollects her youth,
 And tells, not always with an eye to truth,
 Who spann'd her waist, and who, where'er he came,
 Scrawl'd upon glass miss Bridget's lovely name;
 Who stole her slipper, fill'd it with tokay,
 And drank the little bumper ev'ry day.
 Of temper as envenom'd as an asp;
 Censorious, and her every word a wasp;
 In faithful mem'ry she records the crimes,
 Or real, or fictitious, of the times;
 Laughs at the reputations she has torn,
 And holds them, dangling at arms length, in scorn.

The *principle of gratitude* is thus happy illustrated :

Man's obligations infinite, of course
 His life should prove that he perceives their force;
 His utmost he can render is but small—
 The principle and motive all in all.
 You have two servants—Tom, an arch, sly rogue,
 From top to toe the geta now in vogue,
 Genteel in figure, easy in address,
 Moves without noise, and swift as an express,
 Reports a message with a pleasing grace,
 Expert in all the duties of his place:
 Say, on what hinge does his obedience move?
 Has he a world of gratitude and love?
 No, not a spark—'tis all mere sharper's play;
 He likes your house, your housemaid, and your pay;
 Reduce his wages, or get rid of her,
 Tom quits you, with—Your most obedient, sir.

The dinner serv'd, Charles takes his usual stand,
 Watches your eye, anticipates command;
 Sighs, if perhaps your appetite should fail;
 And, if he but suspects a frown, turns pale;

Consults all day your int'rest and your ease,
Richly rewarded if he can but please;
And, proud to make his firm attachment known,
To save your life would nobly risk his own.

Now which stands highest in your serious thought?
Charles, without doubt, say you—and so he ought;
One act, that from a thankful heart proceeds,
Excels ten thousand mercenary deeds.

Voltaire and the cottager are contrasted with peculiar felicity:

The path to bliss abounds with many a snare;
Learning is one, and wit, however rare.
The Frenchman, first in literary fame,
(Mention him, if you please. Voltaire?—The same.)
With spirit, genius, eloquence, supplied,
Liv'd long, wrote much, laugh'd heartily, and died.
The scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
Bon mots to gall the Christian and the Jew.
An infidel in health, but what when sick?
Oh—then a text would touch him at the quick.
View him at Paris, in his last career:
Surrounding throngs the demi-god revere;
Exalted on his pedestal of pride,
And fum'd with frankincense on ev'ry side,
He begs their flatt'ry with his latest breath;
And, smother'd in't at last, is prais'd to death!

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
Content, though mean; and cheerful, if not gay;
Shuffling her threads about the live-long day,
Just earns a scanty pittance; and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light:
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit,
Receives no praise; but, though her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent) she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;

And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.

Oh, happy peasant! Oh, unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, her's the rich reward;
He prais'd, perhaps, for ages yet to come;
She never heard of half a mile from home:
He, lost in errors, his vain heart prefers:
She, safe in the simplicity of her's.

The practical influence of religious truth is here finely depicted:

But the same word, that, like the polish'd share,
Ploughs up the roots of a believer's care,
Kills, too, the flow'ry weeds, where'er they grow,
That bind the sinner's Bacchanalian brow.
Oh, that unwelcome voice of heav'nly love,
Sad messenger of mercy from above!
How does it grate upon his thankless ear,
Crippling his pleasures with the cramp of fear!
His will and judgment at continual strife,
That civil war imbitters all his life:
In vain he points his pow'rs against the skies,
In vain he closes or averts his eyes,
Truth will intrude—she bids him yet beware;
And shakes the sceptic in the scorner's chair.

Though various foes against the truth combine,
Pride above all opposes her design;
Pride, of a growth superior to the rest,
The subtlest serpent, with the loftiest crest,
Swells at the thought, and, kindling into rage,
Would hiss the cherub mercy from the stage.

Mr. Cowper, after having thus fervently expressed himself on the subject, adds this candid observation, which does credit both to his understanding and his heart:

Is virtue, then, unless of christian growth,
Merely fallacy, or foolishness, or both!
Ten thousand sages lost in endless woe.
For ignorance of what they could not know?

That speech betrays at once a bigot's tongue—
 Charge not a God with such outrageous wrong !
 Truly, not I—the partial light men have,
 My creed persuades me, well employed, may save ;
 While he that scorns the noon-day beam, perverse,
 Shall find the blessing, unimprov'd, a curse.
 Let heathen worthies, whose exalted mind
 Left sensuality and dross behind,
 Possess, for me, their undisputed lot,
 And take, unenvied, the reward they sought.

The poet having traced the progress of TRUTH, he delineates the Christian acting beneath its salutary influence, and finally introduced into a state of perfect and never-ending felicity. The closing lines glow with the grandeur of his subject :

Angelic gratulations rend the skies !
 PRIDE falls unpitied—never more to rise !
 HUMILITY is crown'd, and FAITH receives the prize !

The intelligent reader will perceive, upon the perusal of these passages, that they are the product of no common mind. The genius of COWPER exerts itself successfully on every subject. Serious or gay, superficial or profound, they are brought into the circle of his poetical flights. The diverting *History of John Gilpin* is a proof of the comic turn of his powers ; whilst his *Error* and *Truth* shew that his faculties were also exercised in the most abstract speculations. This versatility is wonderful, and affords a proof that the human mind is capable of effecting what excites our admiration. Ordinary abilities confine themselves within the limits of one contracted channel. Here they run on with a dull monotony, at the same time enwrapt in the shades of obscurity. Whereas the man of real genius leaves the crowd behind him—soars amidst the sublimest objects of creation, and by his flights engages universal attention. His honours are handed down to the latest posterity.

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XLIII.]

PRINTS FOR CHILDREN

SHOULD be chosen with great care; they should represent objects which are familiar—the resemblances should be accurate, and the manners should be attended to, or at least the general moral that is to be drawn from them. The attitude of Sephora, the boxing lady of Gil Blas, must appear unnatural to children, who have not lived with termagant heroines. Perhaps the first ideas of grace, beauty, and propriety, are considerably influenced by the first pictures and prints which please children. Sir Joshua Reynolds tells us, that he took a child with him through a room full of pictures, and that the child stopped with signs of aversion whenever it came to any picture of a figure in a constrained attitude.

COUNT RUMFORD'S

WAS an excellent scheme for exciting *sympathetic industry* amongst the children of the poor at Munich. In the large hall, where the elder children were busy in spinning, there was a range of seats for the younger children, who were not yet permitted to work—these being compelled to sit idle, and to see the busy multitude, grew extremely uneasy in their own situation, and became very anxious to be employed.

HENRY VIII.

As all the successors of this prince (says Lord Orford) owe their unchangeable title of DEFENDER OF THE FAITH to his piety and learning, we do not presume to question his pretensions to a place in the catalogue of royal authors; otherwise a little scepticism

on his majesty's talents for such a performance, mean as it is, might make us question whether he did not write the Defence of the Sacraments against Luther, as one of his successors is supposed to have written the *Eikon Basilike*, that is, with the pen of some court prelate *. It happened unfortunately, that the champion of the church neither convinced his antagonist nor himself: Luther died an heretic—his majesty would have been one, if he had not erected himself into the head of that very church which he had received so glorious a compliment for opposing. But by a singular felicity in the wording of *the title*, it suited Henry equally well when he burned papists or protestants; it suited each of his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth; it fitted the martyr Charles and the profligate Charles; the Romish James and the Calvinist William, and, at last, seemed peculiarly adapted to the weak head of high church Anne.

In the year 1740, Dr. Salmon showed to the Society of Antiquaries an edition of a book published by King Henry, called *The Institution of a Christian*, in which being corrected by the king himself, it was remarkable that in the Lord's Prayer his majesty had blotted out the words, *lead us not into temptation*, and inserted, *suffer us not to be led into temptation*, a propriety of veneration not much to have been expected from such a man as Henry!

BACON

REMARKS, "As knowledges are now, there is a kind of contract of error between the deliverer and receiver; for he that delivereth knowledge desireth to deliver it in such a form as may be best believed, and not as may be best examined; and he that receiveth knowledge

* Saunders and Bellarmine ascribed it to Bishop Fisher, others to Sir Thomas More.

desireth rather present satisfaction than expectant enquiry, and so rather not to doubt than not to err : *glory* making the author not to lay open his weakness, and *sloth* making the disciple not to know his strength."

SLAVERY.

WHO can read the annexed shameful advertisement, and not in his heart curse the existence of a traffic at once sordid, base, unjust, and disgraceful to the human being ?

Kingston, Nov. 11, 1799.

For Sale.

A negro woman, an *excellent drudge*, with her *child*, about ten months old, also a few barrels of very old coffee.

(Signed) THOMAS GORDON & CO.

Good God ! was it for this that man was formed ? Surely not—but why scan the dispensations of wise providence ! or why not scan his decrees !—methinks the spirits of the injured negroes ascend to *his* throne—there they enjoy that liberty which their fellow creatures robbed them of—there their humble spirits call for vengeance on the tyrants who deprived them of their rights.

C—.

EDUCATION OF THE TEMPER.

BEFORE parents adopt either the epicurean or stoical doctrines in the education of the temper, it may be prudent to calculate the probabilities of the good and evil which their pupils are likely to meet with in life. The Sybarite, whose night's rest was disturbed by a doubled rose-leaf, deserves to be pitied almost as much as the young man, who, when he was benighted in the snow, was reproached by his severe father for having collected a heap of snow to make himself a pillow.

Unless we could for ever ensure the bed of roses to our pupils, we should do very imprudently to make it early necessary to their repose: unless the pillow of snow is likely to be their lot, we need not inure them to it from their infancy.

ON THE
FOLLY OF BEING ASHAMED

OF
RETRACTING OUR MISTAKES.

Seize upon truth where'er tis found,
Among your friends, among your foes,
On christian or on heathen ground;
The flower's divine, where'er it grows,
Neglect the prickles and assume the rose.

WATTS.

TO persist in defending a sentiment which we are once convinced is erroneous, merely because we have once been so unfortunate as to receive it for a truth, argues a great degree of self-conceit and weakness of mind, and cannot fail of being attended with very pernicious consequences; by such a conduct we wilfully shut out the light of truth from our minds, and yield ourselves the voluntary slaves of ignorance and error.

There cannot be a more effectual bar to any one's improvement, than an obstinate resolution of adhering to every sentiment which they have once adopted: on such persons the most convincing arguments lose their force—to what pitiful resources do we often find them driven in order to support the silly vaunt of *never having changed their opinions*. The imaginary disgrace of retracting a mistaken sentiment operates more powerfully upon their minds, than the love of truth; every attempt to emancipate them from the shackles of prejudice and error is looked upon as an insult to their understand-

ing, and the person who has ventured on so kind an undertaking will probably be considered as their greatest enemy.

Amongst the various errors incident to human nature, that of thinking ourselves *infallible* appears to be one of the most pernicious; and the reason is obvious, because of its manifest tendency to shield and protect us from all others. Wherever this odious principle gains the ascendant, it raises a mist about the mind, through which the brightest rays of truth can never penetrate. It is to this suppositious infallibility that some of the most unamiable dispositions of our nature owe their existence; to this unhappy source may be traced that haughty domineering arrogance, and that supercilious contempt for the opinions of others, which throw an odium on the characters of those who cherish dispositions so inimical to the happiness of society: to the same cause may be ascribed that spirit of intolerance and persecution which has been the fruitful parent of crimes and miseries too horrible to relate.

When we reflect on the uncertainty and imperfection to which we are subjected by the inevitable law of our nature—the long and laborious efforts which are in many cases necessary for the discovery of important truth, together with the incessant fluctuations which are taking place in the opinions of mankind upon almost every subject, can we vainly flatter ourselves that *we* alone are exempted from the general lot of humanity? that we alone have enjoyed the peculiar felicity of forming correct sentiments upon every subject which has fallen within the sphere of our observation? The supposition must surely confound us with its absurdity. Such considerations should teach us to repress a spirit of harshness and acrimony towards the sentiments of others, and dispose us to listen with moderation and candour to whatever arguments can be urged in behalf of systems or opinions the very reverse of those which we have adopted.

Scanty and imperfect will be our information on many interesting points, even after the utmost diligence of which we are capable. Our limited capacities admit not those superior degrees of knowledge which are requisite for the entire exclusion of error; we can form but a very superficial acquaintance even with many of those subjects which have occupied our chief attention; after our most laborious researches, many doubts will still remain to perplex our minds, and the mists of obscurity will still dim the intellectual sight; dark and imperfect conjecture must often supply the place of more satisfactory information. Amidst so much imperfection and uncertainty, it must surely become us to be more sparing of our censures on those who differ from us even in points which we may deem of the greatest importance; it must behove us to be candid and diffident in maintaining our own opinions, and ready at all times to relinquish them in obedience to the voice of truth and integrity.

Truth is a jewel of inestimable value, not to be attained by the lazy efforts of indolence, or by the self-conceited bigot, who, presuming on the superiority of his discernment, condemns as impious, or pronounces as ridiculous, every sentiment which does not exactly coincide with his own; by persons of this disposition the voice of truth is seldom heard; she delights to fly from such characters, and reveals herself to the candid, modest enquirer, who seeks her with diligence and impartiality!

The harshness and asperity with which controversies are too frequently conducted, plainly prove that the love of truth is not always the predominant motive; each resolved at all events to maintain his own opinions, determined not to recede a tittle from what he has once advanced, it is no wonder that reviling and opprobrious language is often substituted in the room of solid argument. This is particularly observable where the *interest* of either of the disputants is connected with the

sentiments he endeavours to defend ; to what a variety of expedients will persons thus circumstanced have recourse, in order to obscure the lustre of truth, and weaken the force of the most conclusive arguments ; unable to confute their opponents by the fair methods of reasoning, their only refuge is in the arts of sophistry and evasion ; or when these fail them, in furious language, and the most shameful scurrility.

In all our researches after truth, if we would hope for any degree of success, we must lay aside those two great perverters of the human understanding, *interest* and *prejudice* ; while we are under the influence of either of these principles, the judgment will be biassed, and every object viewed through such an unhappy medium will appear distorted ; thus the human mind is deprived of its native energy and voluntarily fettered in chains of its own forging ; its noblest powers are weakened and debased, and the obscurity which is unavoidably attached to the present scene of things is rendered still more impenetrable by our own folly and perverseness.

THE GRAND MANŒUVRE
OF
GENERAL WASHINGTON,

DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

[*Drawn up by a Writer in America.*]

IMMEDIATELY after the surprise of the Hessians at Trenton, December 26, 1776, General Washington recrossed the Delaware, which at this place is about three quarters of a mile over, and re-assumed his former post on the Pennsylvanian side. Trenton remained unoccupied, and the enemy were posted at Princeton, twelve miles distant on the road towards New York. The weather was now growing very se-

vere, and as there were very few houses near the shore where General Washington had taken his station, the greatest part of his army remained out in the woods and fields. These, with some other circumstances, induced the recrossing of the Delaware, and taking possession of Trenton. It was, undoubtedly, a bold adventure, and carried with it the appearance of defiance, especially when we consider the panic-struck condition of the enemy on the loss of the Hessian post. It was indeed a scene of magnificent fortitude. But, in order to give a just idea of the affair, it is necessary I should describe the place.

Trenton is situated on a rising ground, about three quarters of a mile distant from the Delaware, on the eastern or Jersey side, and is cut into two divisions by a small creek or rivulet sufficient to turn a mill, which is on it, after which it empties itself at nearly right angles into the Delaware. The upper division, which is to the north-east, contains about seventy or eighty houses, and the lower about forty or fifty. The ground on each side of this creek, and on which the houses are, is likewise rising, and the two divisions present an agreeable prospect to each other, with the creek between, on which there is a small stone bridge, of one arch. Scarcely had General Washington taken his post here, and before the several parties of militia out on detachments, or on their way, could be collected, the British leaving behind them a strong garrison at Princeton, marched suddenly, and entered Trenton at the upper, or north-east quarter. A party of the Americans skirmished with the advanced party of the British, to afford time for removing the stores and baggage, and withdrawing over the bridge.

In a little time the British had possession of one half of the town; General Washington of the other, and the *Creek* only separated the two armies! Nothing could be a more critical situation than this, and if ever the fate of America depended on the event of a day, it was

now. The Delaware was filling fast with large sheets of driving ice, and was impassable, so that no retreat into Pennsylvania could be effected, neither is it possible in the face of an enemy to pass a river of such extent. The roads were broken and rugged with the frost, and the main road was occupied by the enemy.

About four o'clock a party of the British approached the bridge, with a desire to regain it, but were repulsed. They made no more attempts, though the Creek is passable any where between the bridge and the Delaware. It runs in a rugged natural made ditch over which a person may pass with little difficulty, the stream being rapid and shallow. Evening was now coming on, and the British believing they had all the advantages they could wish for, and that they could use them when they pleased, discontinued all further operations, and held themselves prepared to make the attack next morning.

But the *next morning* produced a scene as elegant as it was unexpected. The British were under arms, and ready to march to action, when one of their light horse from Princeton came furiously down the street with an account that General Washington had that morning attacked and carried the British post at that place, and was proceeding on to seize the magazine at Brunswick—on which the British, who were then on the point of making an assault on the *evacuated* camp of the Americans, wheeled about, and in a fit of consternation marched for Princeton!!

This retreat is one of those extraordinary circumstances that in future ages may probably pass for fable. For it will with difficulty be believed that two armies, on which such important consequences depended, should be crowded into so small a space as Trenton, and that the one on the eve of an engagement, when every ear is supposed to be open, and every watchfulness employed, should move completely from the ground with all its stores, baggage, and artillery, unknown, and even

unsuspected by the other. And so entirely were the British deceived, that when they heard the report of the cannon and small arms at Princeton, they supposed it to be thunder, though in the depth of winter!

General Washington, the better to cover and disguise his retreat from Trenton, had ordered a *line of fires* to be lighted up in front of his camp. These not only served to give an appearance of going to rest, and continuing that deception, but they effectually concealed from the British whatever was acting behind them, for flame can no more be seen through than a wall, and in this situation it may with some propriety be said they became a pillar of fire to the one army, and a pillar of cloud to the other; after this, by a circuitous march of about eighteen miles the Americans reached Princeton early in the morning.

The number of prisoners taken were between two or three hundred, with which General Washington immediately set off. The van of the British army from Trenton entered Princeton about an hour after the Americans had left it, who, continuing their march for the remainder of the day, arrived, in the evening, at a convenient situation wide of the main road to Brunswick, and about sixteen miles distant from Princeton. But so wearied and exhausted were they with the continual and unabated service and fatigue of two days and a night, from action to action, without shelter, and almost without refreshment, that the bare frozen ground with no other covering than the sky became to them, a place of comfortable rest. By these two events, and with but little comparative force to accomplish them, the Americans closed with advantages a campaign which but a few days before threatened the country with destruction.

The writer then significantly remarks respecting the Americans—"This was a period of distresses. A crisis rather of danger than of hope; there is no description can do it justice. Even the actors in it looking back

upon the scene, are surprised how they got through ; and at a loss to account for those powers of the mind and springs of animation by which they withstood the force of accumulated misfortune !”

A SINGULAR TALE.

WE are about to indulge our readers with a very singular but a very true relation of an affair which happened some years since in one of the French provinces.

A man of fashion paid his addresses to a young lady of beauty, rank, and distinguished merit.

As there was a parity in years, in fortune, and in situation, the lady received her gallant with the customary condescension females seldom withhold from those whom they are taught to pronounce upon an equality with themselves.

The parents of the young lady, however, from whatever motive, disapproved of the match. The gentleman pleaded—but in vain : and finding it impossible to overcome the *aged obstinacy* of the parents, he resolved to solicit his charmer's consent to enter into the holy bands of matrimony, without any farther consultation with the parents, who seemed so resolutely to persist in a denial.

Having fully explained himself on this head, the young lady, after recovering from a confusion which, ever on these occasions, is visible amongst the virgin fair, consented to become his wife ; they were wedded, and the marriage kept a profound secret.

It happened, after a few years had elapsed, that the husband was obliged to leave his lovely bride, being called into a foreign country in order to adjust some family affairs, which required his immediate presence. The necessity was no less urgent than disagreeable to both parties ; however, they permitted their good sense to operate, and after vowing mutual affection and fide-

lity, parted in certain expectation of seeing each other, at a time when such an alteration should take place as might afford them an opportunity of living in a manner every way becoming an happy and virtuous wedded pair.

For some time they corresponded; but the husband being obliged to cross several tempestuous seas, did not receive such frequent answers to his epistles as he had reason to expect. This he attributed to the difference of climate, rendering a regular correspondence altogether impracticable; and as he imagined his letters had miscarried, he resolved for the present to desist from writing; not relishing the idea of having his sentiments canvassed over by indifferent strangers, or perhaps captious enemies.

Another reason which induced him to lay aside for the present all thoughts of continuing an epistolary correspondence, was the prospect he had of shortly returning to France, where the presence of his amiable consort would infinitely exceed all ideal interviews, and make ample amends for every pang his heart had undergone.

It is now time that we should return to the lady.

As she possessed a considerable share of youth and beauty, it was not to be supposed she could long remain without a train of admirers. Her parents, who never dreamt about their daughter's previous marriage, became each day more anxious to select a person whose mental and personal endowments might, in their estimation, render him worthy their favourite daughter's hand and heart.

Several years had now rolled on, without the lady's hearing a syllable of her real husband. At last the fatal news arrived that he was now no more.

The lady was inconsolable, but she found it prudent to stifle her griefs, that she might obliterate the smallest degree of suspicion.

When she had paid every tribute consistent with reflection to the memory of her departed lord, a gentleman was proposed by her parents for her approbation, and the good old people were so prejudicd in favour of the person they had introduced, that they gave their daughter to understand their happiness depended on her compliance.

The young lady, who thought herself entirely at liberty to commit a second trespass upon Hymen, after some little hesitation consented. The nuptials were celebrated; the lady, if not happy, was placid, and serenely content; the parents were delighted; the bridegroom was enraptured; and all were jocund, all were sprightly.

For four years this newly married couple lived in perfect harmony: but at length an intermitting fever seized the lady; the physicians were baffled, and she, to all appearance, paid the debt due to nature. She was buried with pomp, and every reverence shewn to her memory the custom of the country would admit of.

During her last illness, her former husband, whom we left abroad, had returned; and, after making the necessary enquiries, was informed of every circumstance we have related above.

As he was unwilling to surprise her whilst she combated with sickness, he had employed a trusty person to make him acquainted with each particular of her case; and the instant the news of her death reached his ears, a frantic wildness seized his soul, and he resolved to receive no manner of sustenance, but to bury himself amongst the mould which lay lightly on her breast, and thus pine out the short remaining period of his existence.

Full of this resolution, he repaired, the night she was buried, to her tomb, and, after digging up the earth, discovered her coffin, fetched a deep sigh, and was

about to stretch his wearied limbs, when, to his consternation, astonishment, and affright, he perceived signs of life. He tore open the coffin, and found it even as he suspected. His wife was almost suffocated : he snatched her up in his arms, conveyed her to the house of a neighbouring friend, had her put into a warm bed, and in a few weeks she was perfectly restored to life and health.

As she had a real affection for her first husband, she made no scruple of choosing him for her companion ; but as the affair soon made a prodigious noise throughout the country, the second husband, who also doated on her to distraction, no sooner was informed of the particulars, than he attempted to force her to live with him ; the prior claimant as resolutely persisted in keeping her to himself. In short, a law suit was commenced : the most learned advocates in France were employed : a redundancy of erudition was displayed, and, after being litigated for a considerable length of time, a solemn decision was given in favour of the gentleman who had first married her.

This story has so much the air of fable and romance, that to leave an impression of its truth on the minds of our readers, we shall inform them, that the French lawyers have selected all the famous trials, with the decisions which have been given in their courts for a series of years.

This work, which is contained in several folio volumes, is entitled, "*Les Cause Celebres.*" The above very extraordinary relation is recited therein, together with all the subtle and ingenious arguments used by the opposite advocates for the different husbands. So that there can be little doubt of the truth of a narrative so extremely well authenticated.

THE
LIFE OF ROBERT BLAIR,
AUTHOR OF THE GRAVE.

[*From the Lives of the Poets.*]

BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

OF the personal history of Blair, few particulars are known; and those few are such as give little scope for amplification and embellishment.

The life of a country clergyman, constantly engaged in the duties of his profession, the practice of the domestic virtues, and the occupations of literature, however respectable such a character may be, can afford but slender materials for biography.

The facts stated in the present account, were communicated to the compiler of this collection, in conversation with his son Robert Blair, Esq. Solicitor General to his Majesty for Scotland, and his cousin, the learned and amiable Dr. Blair, one of the Ministers of the High Church, and Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, in the university of Edinburgh.

These authorities are produced by the present writer with much pleasure; as it gives him, at once, an opportunity of reflecting on the hereditary love of literature, and distinguished politeness of Mr. Solicitor General: and of recording his obligations to the venerable director of his youthful studies; whose well-established reputation can suffer no diminution from the testimony of a grateful pupil, to the merit of his "Academical prelections," which constitute an era in the history of Scottish literature; nor easily receive addition from the highest praise he can bestow on his "productions for the pulpit," which display the powers of a wise, and the acquisitions of a cultivated mind, in recommending the spirit of a pure and enlightened religion to every order of mankind; and exhibit to the literary world, a mo-

del of sound and elegant instruction, and of simple and persuasive eloquence, unprecedented in the history of that species of composition in our country.

Robert Blair was the eldest son of the Reverend David Blair, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and Chaplain to the King. His mother was ——— Nisbet, daughter of ——— Nisbet, Esq. of Carsin. His grandfather was the Reverend Robert Blair, one of the most distinguished Scottish clergymen in the time of the civil wars; a descendant of the ancient and respectable family of Blair, of Blair, in Ayrshire.

He was born about the beginning of this century; had the most liberal education in the University of Edinburgh, and afterwards was sent abroad by his father for his improvement, and spent some time on the continent. After undergoing the usual trials appointed by the church, he was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in the county of East-Lothian, January 5, 1731, where he passed the remainder of his life.

As his fortune was easy, he lived very much in the style of a gentleman, and was greatly respected by Sir Francis Kinloch, Baronet, of Gilmerton, patron of the parish, and by all the gentlemen in that neighbourhood. He was a man both of learning, and of elegant taste and manners. He was a botanist and florist, which he showed in the cultivation of his garden; and was also conversant in optical and microscopical knowledge, on which subjects he carried on correspondence with some learned men in England. He was a man of sincere piety, and very assiduous in discharging the duties of his clerical function. As a preacher, he was serious and warm, and discovered the imagination of a poet.

He married Isabella Law, daughter of Mr. Law of Elvingston, and sister to the present sheriff-depute of East Lothian; a lady of uncommon beauty and amiable manners. With her father, who had been profes-

sor of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, who was his relation, and had been left one of his tutors, he had been long and intimately connected ; and, upon occasion of his death, which happened several years before his marriage with his daughter, he wrote and printed a funeral *Poem to his Memory*.

By his lady, who survived him several years, he had five sons and one daughter ; of these sons Robert Blair, Esq. of Avington, Solicitor General to his Majesty for Scotland, is the fourth. His brother, Mr. Archibald Blair, was also a clergyman, and was settled in a parish near him in East Lothian. One of his sons, nephew to the poet, Robert Blair, M. D. is one of the Commissioners of the Sick and Wounded in London, and well known for his skill in optics and astronomy.

He died of a fever, on the 4th of February, 1746, in the 47th year of his age ; and was succeeded in his living at Athelstaneford, by another poet, Mr. John Home, the celebrated author of *Douglas*."

This is all that is known of Blair ; an accomplished scholar, and an elegant poet, whose genius and virtue, though celebrated by some of the most eminent of his poetical contemporaries, have suffered such unmerited neglect, that his name is not to be found in any collection of literary biography.

Had the interesting correspondence of Watts been given to the world by his friend and biographer Dr. Jennings, it would probably have furnished many particulars relating to Blair, which might have gratified curiosity : though they could hardly have added to the honour which his talents and virtues have received from the esteem of a man, who has left behind him such purity of character, and such monuments of laborious piety.

The friends of Blair were the friends of science and of virtue ; his love of poetry and polite literature, procured him the friendship of Watts, a polite scholar, and

devout poet; no less remarkable for his genius and learning, than the mildness and fervency of his piety, and his passion for natural history, obtained him the correspondence of the famous naturalist, Henry Baker, Esq. Fellow of the Royal Society, an intelligent, upright, and benevolent man, who was particularly attentive to all the improvements which were made in natural science, and very solicitous for the prosecution of useful discoveries. Besides the papers written by himself in the "Philosophical Transactions," he was the means, by his extensive correspondence, of conveying to the society the intelligence and observations of other inquisitive and philosophical men. Like Blair, he was both a poet and a naturalist; and printed a volume of "Original Poems, Serious and Humorous," 8vo. 1725. He was the author likewise of "The Universe, a Poem," which has been several times reprinted. But his principal publications are, "The Microscope made Easy," 1742; and "Employment for the Microscope," which have gone through many editions, and are generally known. Having led a very useful and honourable life, he died November 25, 1774, being then above seventy years of age. By his wife Sophia, youngest daughter of the celebrated De Foe, he had a son, David Erskine Baker, Esq. author of the "Muse of Ossian;" a dramatic poem, of three acts, performed at Edinburgh, 1763; and "The Companion to the Play Muse," 2 vols. 12mo. 1764, a work that has since been considerably improved by Mr. Reed, under the title of the "Biographica Dramatica," 2 vols. 8vo. 1781.

With Dr. Doddridge, a man whose learning was respected by Warburton and Newton, and whose piety was venerated by Lyttleton and West, he also cultivated a correspondence; probably through the kindness of Watts, or the good offices of their common friend, Colonel James Gardiner, who was slain at the

battle of Prestonpans, September, 21, 1745; and affectionately commemorated by Dr. Doddridge, in "Some remarkable Passages in his Life," published in 1747.

The following letter, dated Athelstaneford, February 25, 1741-2, and inserted in the "Epistolary Correspondence of Dr. Doddridge," published by the Rev. Mr. Stedman, of Shrewsbury, 1790, exhibits an advantageous specimen of his temper and disposition, and contains some interesting information relating to the composition and publication of *The Grave*.

"You will be justly surprised with a letter from one whose name is not so much as known to you: nor shall I offer to make an apology. Though I am entirely unacquainted with your person, I am no stranger to your merit as an author; neither am I altogether unacquainted with your personal character, having often heard honourable mention made of you by my much respected and worthy friends, Colonel Gardiner, and Lady Frances. About ten months ago, Lady Frances did me the favour to transmit to me some manuscript hymns of yours, with which I was wonderfully delighted. I wish I could, on my part, contribute in any measure to your entertainment, as you have sometimes done to mine in a very high degree. And that I may show how willing I am to do so, I have desired Dr. Watts to transmit to you a manuscript poem of mine, intituled *The Grave*, written, I hope, in a way not unbecoming my profession as a minister of the gospel, though the greatest part of it was composed several years before I was clothed with so sacred a character. I was urged by some friends here, to whom I showed it, to make it public; nor did I decline it, provided I had the approbation of Dr. Watts, from whom I have received many civilities, and for whom I had ever entertained the highest regard. Yesterday I had a letter from the Doctor, signifying his approbation of the piece in a manner most obliging. A great deal less from him would have done me no small honour. But at the same

time, he mentions to me that he had offered it to two booksellers of his acquaintance, who, he tells me, did not care to run the risk of publishing it. They can scarce think (considering how critical an age we live in, with respect to such kind of writings) that a person living three hundred miles from London, could write so as to be acceptable to the fashionable and polite. Perhaps it may be so; though, at the same time I must say, in order to make it more generally liked, I was obliged sometimes to go cross to my own inclination, well knowing, that whatever poem is written upon a serious argument, must, upon that very account, be under peculiar disadvantages; and, therefore, proper arts must be used to make such a piece go down with a licentious age, which cares for none of those things. I beg pardon for breaking in upon moments precious as yours, and hope you will be so kind as to give me your opinion of the poem."

The difficulties stated by Watts in the above letter, probably prevented the publication of *The Grave* during its author's lifetime. The earliest edition of it, which the present writer has seen, is that printed at Edinburgh, in 8vo, 1747. At the end is a translation of a pious ode of Volusenus; but of no value. The subsequent editions are too numerous to be specified. To the edition in 8vo. 1786, is added Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church Yard," with "notes, moral, critical, and explanatory." The notes are in general trifling and insipid. It is now, with the *Poem to the Memory of Mr. Law*, received, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry.

The variations from the common editions, are printed from the original MS. 1741-2. The reading in the printed copies has in general so much the appearance of improvement, and is so consonant to the style of the poem, that it is probable it might be the result of the revision, subsequent to the MS. Some verbal transpositions, of little importance, are not copied.

If Blair had written nothing else but this single poem, it is alone sufficient to entitle him to a classical distinction among the poets of our country. But the *Poem to the Memory of Mr. Law*, is no inconsiderable addition to his fame. It is evidently a juvenile performance, the tribute of affection and esteem to the merits of a friend, and justly chargeable, in some instances, with incorrectness of language, and incongruity of imagery : but the style is simple and beautiful ; and the sentiments, though sometimes trite, are expressed with a tenderness and energy not unworthy of the author of *The Grave*. The apostrophe to Mrs. Law, in particular, is pathetic and pleasing ; and the abrupt transition to the final conflagration of the universe, approaches to sublimity.

The Grave, his greatest work, amply establishes his fame. It is a production of real genius, and possesses a merit superior to many pieces of the first celebrity. It is composed of a succession of unconnected descriptions, and of reflections that seem independent of one another, interwoven with striking allusions, and digressive sallies of imagination. It is a series of pathetic representations, without unity of design, variegated with imagery and allusion ; which exhibit a wide display of original poetry. The poet's eye is awake on the objects of creation, and on the scenes of human misery ; and he is alive to every feeling of compassion and benevolence. Through a shade of melancholy, which peculiar impressions of religion throw over the scenes he describes, we always perceive an amiable and generous principle struggling to overcome the degeneracy which it deplures. Whatever subject is either discussed or aimed at, he always endeavours to melt the heart, and alarm the conscience, by pathetic description and serious remonstrance ; and his sentiments are always delivered in a novel and energetic manner, that impresses them strongly on the mind. He is always moral, yet never dull ; and though he often expands an image,

yet he never weakens its force. If the same thought occurs, he gives it a new form; and is copious without being tiresome. He writes under the strong impression of Christian and moral truths. Conviction gives force to imagination; and he dips his pen in the stream that religion has opened in his own bosom.

His imagination, excursive and vigorous, sometimes exceeds the bounds that criticism prescribes. Possessing strong powers of ridicule as well as fancy, he passes too suddenly from grave and serious description, to irony and satire. Instances of this improper association too frequently occur, and the grave and ludicrous destroy one another.

But the defects of *The Grave* bear a very small proportion to its beauties; and its beauties are of no common account. They are happily conceived and forcibly expressed. His language is the natural and unforced result of his conceptions. Anxious only to give each image its due prominence and relief, he has wasted no unnecessary attention on grace or embellishment; the diction, therefore, though seldom splendid, is always vigorous and animated, and carries the thought home to the heart with inexpressible energy. His versification is almost as singular as the materials upon which it is employed; sometimes careless and prosaic, and sometimes strikingly elegant and harmonious; resembling sometimes the best manner of Shakspeare and Rowe, and sometimes that of Milton and Young; but without any marks of servile imitation. Amidst such a profusion of beautiful and striking passages as are to be found in this singular poem, it is difficult to confirm these general remarks by particular quotations.

After a solemn introduction, the following striking passage appears:

The wind is up : hark ! how it howls ! Methinks
 Till now I never heard a sound so dreary :
 Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
 Rook'd in the spire, screams loud : the gloomy aisles
 Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
 'scutcheons
 And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
 The mansions of the dead---Rous'd from their slumbers,
 In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
 Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen,
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
 Again the screech-owl shrieks : ungracious sound !
 I'll hear no more ; it makes one's blood run chill.

The following picture is very fine and natural :

Oft in the lone church-yard, at night, I've seen,
 By glimpse of moon-shine chequering through the trees,
 The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
 (With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
 That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
 Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
 The sound of something purring at his heels :
 Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
 Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows ;
 Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
 O'er some new-open'd grave ; and (strange to tell)
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

This pleasing picture is finely contrasted by the affecting one which immediately follows it :

The new-made widow-----
 Sad sight ! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead,
 Listless she crawls along in doleful black,
 While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
 Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.

Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
 She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,
 In barbarous succession musters up
 The past endearments of their softer hours,
 Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
 She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf;
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

In the above description there are many minute strokes, *her now untasted cheek—busy meddling memory*, &c. which mark the superior poet.

From the apostrophe to *Friendship*, which immediately follows, the heart catches sympathetic feelings; and the amiable poet leaves on it the impression of all that is tender, generous, and endearing. There is beautiful description, and much poetical enthusiasm in the following lines:

————— Oh! when my friend and I
 In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
 Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
 In grateful errors through the underwood,
 Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongu'd thrush
 Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
 Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
 Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
 Of dress — Oh! then, the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
 Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last. —————

The following passage strongly reminds us of Shakspeare, and is equal to any of the most admired moral parts of that wonderful dramatist.

Dull grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
 Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
 And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
 Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
 Where are the jesters now? the men of health
 Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,
 Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
 To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
 And made ev'n thick-lip'd musing melancholy
 To gather up her face into a smile
 Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
 And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

The description of a funeral, beginning, *But see the well plum'd hearse, &c.* has the beauties and defects of the same admirable writer. The apostrophe to *beauty* is a masterly passage; as are those on the death of the *strong man*, the *philosopher*, and the *physician*. This expression in the last reminds us of Milton:

———From stubborn shrubs
 Thou wring'st their shy retiring virtues out,
 And vex'd them in the fire———

The *sexton* will be readily recognised as a relation of the grave-digger in *Hamlet*:

———hoary-headed chronicle,
 Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
 A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
 Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
 By far his juniors.——Scarce a skull's cast up,
 But well he knew its owner, and can tell
 Some passage of his life.———

The following comparison applied to time, is happily imagined:

Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
 Who slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
 And carries off his prize———

The hand of Shakspeare could not possibly have gone higher, or have touched a situation with greater nicety.

Few similes can exceed the following for elegant simplicity. Among the various tenants of the grave, he enumerates

—————The long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd, like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.

Another simile, near the end of the poem, where he mentions the aversion even of the good to death, beginning, *So have I seen upon a summer's eve*, is natural and striking.

In Blair, it is difficult to discover any material traces of imitation, or even to conjecture who were his favourites among the poets of his country. His style of composition is his own, and his versification peculiar to himself. He undoubtedly, however, possessed a taste for our elder poets, the *ancient wells of English undefiled*, from whom he probably learned the energy, character, and truth of composition, and the genuine language of verse; particularly the frequent use of compound epithets, which are the life of a language, and in which our own is far from being deficient.

Blair, describing the death of a good man, says:

By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away,
Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting.

The last line is evidently borrowed from Quarles; a writer of true poetical genius, and of exemplary virtue, unjustly neglected:

Brave minds oppress, should in (displeasure of fate)
Looke greatest (like the sunne) in lowest state.—

JOB. MILT.

The testimonies to the merits of Blair are few, when compared with his deserts, *The Grave*, though it is

written in a style that might well delight the learned, and deserve the attention of the writers of verse, yet has never been mentioned till very lately, in any critical work, nor imitated in any poetical composition. "The Task" of Cowper, an ingenious and truly original performance, resembles it only in the singular combination of pathetic description, comic humour, and serious remonstrance. Its popularity, however, must be allowed as an unquestionable authority in its favour; for by the judgment of the common, unprejudiced, unpedantic reader, the merit of every poetical composition must be ultimately decided.

Mr. Pinkerton, the learned and ingenious editor of the "Ancient Scottish Poems," &c. was the first who celebrated the merits of Blair, and subjected *The Grave* to the examination of criticism; which, though somewhat too general and indiscriminate, merits attention.

"I know not," says Mr. Pinkerton, "that he wrote any thing else; but *The Grave* is worth a thousand common poems. The language is such as Shakspeare would have used; yet he no where imitates Shakspeare, or uses any expression of his. It is frugal and chaste; yet, upon occasion, highly poetical, without any appearance of research. It is unquestionably the best piece of blank verse we have, save those of Milton."

A SKETCH OF THE FIVE
INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING PRINTS.

*Engraved from Pictures painted by Messrs. Rigaud
and Smirke, R. A. Being Part of a Collection pre-
sented to the City of London,*

BY ALDERMAN BOYDELL,

To ornament the Common Council Room.

PROVIDENCE.

CONJUGAL

WISDOM.

INNOCENCE.

AFFECTION.

HAPPINESS.

THE above subjects are particularly made choice of, to shew the utility of the Arts in improving the mind, as well as pleasing the eye; such subjects instruct us through the different stages of life. In the ways we ought to pursue, we should observe attentively, and view with pleasure, the road that leads us to happiness both here and hereafter.

PROVIDENCE.

A reliance on providence is the greatest comfort we can possibly enjoy; all our endeavours cannot make us happy, without a strong hope that we shall be blessed with her protection and assistance; she is a sure guide that we may look up to for present and future happiness; by having providence always in our minds, we shall avoid most of the miseries that generally attend mankind; we shall be satisfied with what she is pleased to allot us, and our minds, in the midst of our daily labours, will be easy and contented.

Providence denotes the care of God over created beings. It is here emblematically expressed by the figure of a venerable matron, clothed in robes of white

and gold ; in her right hand are two keys and the helm of a ship. She is seated on the clouds, to shew that she presides over all the affairs of the world, and crowned with ears of corn and grapes, to denote that all the good things we enjoy proceed from her. The keys and helm of a ship show her secret power, and the safety we enjoy under her guidance and government. The eye on her breast, surrounded with rays of light, is expressive of omniscience, watchful care and foresight. An angel on her right hand points to the sun and the moon, as the principal instruments through which she dispenses the blessings she bestows. Another angel, on her left, presses the clouds to produce rain and dew, to refresh the earth, which is represented by the globe below, on which is traced a faint representation of this island : over which two angels are pouring out of a cornucopiæ a variety of fruits, to signify the plenty we enjoy from her bounty. Her extended arms, and open hand, imply liberality and protection. The whole indicating the goodness of providence in furnishing us so liberally with every thing necessary for the happiness of mankind. It is our own fault if we do not make proper use of the blessings.

INNOCENCE, OR INFANCY AND YOUTH.

When God Almighty created man, and blessed him with an helpmate, he placed them in paradise, there to enjoy all the happiness that attends perfect innocence ; had they obeyed his commands, their offspring would have inherited the same ; but in consequence of disobedience, they were expelled those happy abodes prepared for them and their posterity : perfect innocence could not then be obtained, but the goodness of God inspired them with every thing requisite for their present and future happiness ; and although mankind had fallen from that degree of perfection intended by their Creator, yet by pursuing the instructions given them, they might attain those necessary qualifications which would

insure them a place in the blessed regions prepared for the good and virtuous.

INFANCY.

The various diseases and accidents to which infants are continually exposed, before and after their birth, must convince us that providence takes particular care of them. They are here represented employed in infantine amusements.

The following lines from the Spectator, beautifully express the state of infancy :

“ Thy providence my life sustain’d,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber’d comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow’d,
Before my infant heart conceiv’d
From whom those comforts flow’d.”

YOUTH

Is the proper time to form good habits; young men should therefore always be employed in improving themselves, pursuing with pleasure every thing praiseworthy, according to the stations they are in. To be honest and industrious is the foundation of all human happiness, without which no one can expect a blessing from providence: they are also required to be affable and good-natured, to be modest in their discourse and behaviour; thus they will get a habit of pleasing, which will gain them many friends, and be very instrumental to their future success.

The many temptations to which youth are exposed, their inexperience to guard against the allurements and

impositions that continually surround them, render their situation peculiarly hazardous; but the good advice and example of their parents and instructors, and a strong reliance on providence, will lead them through this dangerous time of life. And if, after all, they should be tempted by the vanities of this world, there is hope that they will yet return to the paths of virtue.

Innocence, in as much as it implies untainted integrity and freedom from guilt, is allegorically represented by the figure of a virgin simply clad in white robes, in allusion to the purity of her mind and heart. She sits caressing a lamb, which is a noted emblem of innocence, because it has neither the power nor intention of doing any harm. In the back ground are seen several palm trees. Some little boys, emblematical of youth, are endeavouring to reach the branches, and presenting one already gathered to the figure of innocence; the palm having always been considered as the reward, and a mark of the triumph of innocence over the vices and allurements of the world. By her side grows a white lily, the most approved symbol of purity; and at her feet grow some humbler flowers, such as daisies and lilies of the valley, emblems of humility. One of the children is playfully decking the lamb with a wreath of roses. Beneath, is a child washing his hands at a clear spring; another expression of innocence.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION, OR INDUSTRY AND PRUDENCE.

Man, to whom God Almighty granted the government of the earth, and all that is therein, to complete his happiness added the greatest blessing he could possibly confer on him—an helpmate, a faithful companion, a part of himself, not to be separated, but to be partaker of all his joys and cares. Should we not all endeavour to fulfil the good intentions of our Creator; and be particularly careful to obey his commands?

Man, that has a superior opportunity of improving his talents, is surely bound to exert himself in setting a good example, and in the care and protection of what is so immediately connected with himself, his better half, the loveliest part of God Almighty's works.

As the part of industry particularly belongs to the man, I shall call him by that name: when he begins to engage in business, he will naturally look for a good wife; and on that choice depends, in a great measure, his future success. A woman agreeable in person, of a mild, amiable, and virtuous disposition, that will in her province be as industrious as himself; such a one I shall with pleasure call by the name of

PRUDENCE:

She will go hand in hand with her husband; she will partake in his good or bad success; she will advise him to have patience, perseverance, and economy, and assist him in every thing that will tend to their mutual happiness; she will be industrious in her family affairs; will at all times be ready on her part, to do whatever may promote their present or future welfare.

To please her husband is her only care,
Nor prides herself in being rich or fair*.

We now suppose them blessed with children; the chief care of which will be the province of the mother;

* As an instance of good wives, the following are recorded in Streatham church.

In the chancel, Rebecca, wife of William Lynne, who died in 1653. Her epitaph was written by her husband, who, after dwelling upon her several virtues, exclaims, in the concluding lines,

“Should I ten thousand years enjoy my life,
“I could not praise enough so good a wife.”

On the south wall is a monument to a woman of equal excellence; Elizabeth, wife of Major-general Hamilton, who

she will be anxious to overlook their infancy with the greatest attention, and to lay the foundation of their happiness; to encourage them always to be honest, and speak the truth; to be affable and good-natured; and will direct all their innocent amusements with a view to their improvement:—such notions Industry and his wife Prudence, will always inculcate in their whole family.

The subject of this picture is intended to represent conjugal and domestic happiness, as the result of prudence, industry, and a well regulated life. It is supposed to be the family of a merchant or tradesman, whose personal exertions in his profession (assisted by the co-operation of a wife of congenial mind, no less assiduous in her proper sphere) have raised him, even in the prime of life, to senatorial importance in the councils of his fellow-citizens. A father, mother, and three children, are introduced. The time of the composition is supposed to be just when the father is quitting, for the business of the morning, a family who shares and returns his affection. The youngest, an infant female, is soliciting his caresses; an elder boy with a ledger, requesting instructions of his father, shews his future destination; and the other, leaning on his mother's knee, appears, by a book in his hand, to have been under her tuition. On the part of the wife, an affectionate attention to the companion of her life, is meant chiefly to be impressed on her countenance; and, sharing all the tender feelings which agitate the breast of her husband; the work of her needle, and the instruction of her child, are at that moment suspended.

The accompaniments of the group, or other decorations of the scene, are intended to explain the subjects, and illustrate those excellent qualities, which are was married near forty-seven years, and never did one thing to displease her husband." She died in 1746.

See County of Surry, Vol. I. by the Rev. Daniel Lysons, A. M. F. A. S. Chaplain to the Earl of Orford.

supposed to have given success to their mutual labours.

Behind the principal figure is an *escritoir*, on the top of which is placed a small statue, in the robes of an ancient magistrate, representing Sir R. Whittington, the celebrated mayor of this city, whose industry and good fortune have become proverbial. Its pedestal is formed of several steps; at each end of the lowest stands a bee-hive, to shew that industry is the basis of prosperity; and also, that it is by gradations the man of business rises to honour and wealth. A clock is introduced, to shew, that a strict attention to the progress of time is essential to regularity and promptitude in every profession; and its embellishments, the cock, the owl, and cornucopiæ, denote, that the dawn of morning, and the shades of evening, begin and terminate the labours of an industrious man;—those wise and well directed labours which are constantly recompensed with abundance. The two uppermost pictures, which serve as ornaments to the apartment, represent commerce and agriculture; and the subject of the larger historical one below, is the Parable of the Talents (mentioned in Matthew, xxv.), where the master commends and rewards the faithful servants, who had, by their assiduity, doubled the sum which had been committed to their care.

On one side a servant attends with the gown of an alderman; intimating, that his master, who had arrived to that dignity, was then going to attend upon public business. The dog by his side, is the symbol of fidelity and attachment, the honourable characteristics of his station. Near him, an open window discovers a view on the river, with shipping, wharfs, and other appearances of traffic; alluding as well to the particular avocations of the principal personage, as to the commercial importance of this great city.

Those emblematical accompaniments on the other side of the picture, are intended to illustrate the femi-

nine and conjugal virtues, and such duties as are more applicable to the wife. Implements of industry lie near her on the table. The cat, placed at her feet, is the emblem of that personal neatness, which not only gives a value, but is essential to female excellence. The bird singing in its cage, has an obvious allusion to the qualities that properly belong to her conjugal situation—a cheerful submission to the restraints which duty and affection impose: for the range of a virtuous wife is necessarily confined, as the chief objects of her worldly regards are, to the narrow limits of her own domains; and cheerfulness as naturally diffuses happiness to all within the sphere of its influence, as light and heat are communicated by the sun; but in no instance is it more valuable, than in the twofold character of *mother* and *wife*: the husband finds in it a healing balm to the wounds inflicted by care, and their mutual offspring a source of harmony and peace.

Through the opening of a window, on the same side of the picture, the spire of a church is seen; and is intended to shew that religion, though it is the peculiar ornament and best security of the fair sex, is still necessary to the successful exertions of industry, and the full enjoyment of its fruits; for without the blessing of Heaven, the utmost efforts of man, and all his hopes of repose and happiness in society, are delusive and vain.

WISDOM.

Youth, by the protection of providence, and the good use he has made of the instructions and advice in his education, arrives at wisdom. This is the busiest part of man's life; if he has been blessed with success in his pursuits; or if fortune has favoured him with honours and riches, derived from his own merit, or from his ancestors, or bequeathed to him by the liberality of friends, he may then have opportunities of displaying his wisdom, by making a proper use of those talents

with which providence has blessed him, in doing good in various ways, according as occasions may happen, and as his own good disposition may direct him. He will be naturally inclined to exert himself in behalf of his king and country, and will always conscientiously perform an honest and good part to mankind in general.

Wisdom is represented by the figure of a woman, clothed in white and blue robes. She turns to an angel on her right hand, who holds a mirror, to denote that wisdom consists in the true knowledge of ourselves. On her left, another angel holds a serpent in a circle, biting his tail, the symbol of eternity; and implies that wisdom looks to futurity as well as the present time. She has a corslet on her body, and an helmet on her head, emblems of fortitude and security. Her temples emit rays of light, as emblematic of the illumination of the mind. A jewel hanging by a chain of gold on her breast, is intended to shew that wisdom leads to honour and eminence. Her right hand holds a shield, in the middle of which is the figure of a dove, which signifies the heavenly influence of the Spirit; and her left hand leans on a book with seven seals, and a lamb on the top of it; to denote that from divine revelation alone we acquire true wisdom. She is seated on a rock, to shew that she is firm and immovable in her purposes. At her feet is placed a cock, the acknowledged emblem of vigilance. Beneath is a boy holding, and pointing to a book, on the open leaf of which is written, from the Proverbs of Solomon, chap. iv. verses 7, 8;—Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; “and with all thy getting, get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honour when thou dost embrace her.”

HAPPINESS.

To be happy is the wish and desire of all; we seek after it with avidity, but often pursue the most impro-

bable ways to attain it; if we practise what the foregoing subjects indicate to us, we shall seldom go astray. Those that apply their minds to vicious pursuits, are industrious to accomplish their schemes, though they are certain to be detected in a little time, and to shorten their days in an ignominious manner.

When we reflect upon the various vicissitudes of human life, the many dangers that continually beset us, before and after our birth, we must be filled with wonder and amazement, that we should attain the old age at which many of us arrive; we must acknowledge with the utmost gratitude the goodness of God Almighty, that he has permitted us to partake of the numberless blessings that he has so amply bestowed upon us; the least we can do is, to endeavour to please him, by a heart continually thankful, and by our industry in the pursuit of every thing that is praiseworthy; to have providence always in our minds, to be content in the stations we are placed in, and to wait with patience the time allotted to us in this world; then may we humbly trust in the merits of our Saviour, that when he is pleased to call us hence, he will bestow upon us the happiness we deserve; it would give pleasure to a generous mind, to see all mankind happier than himself. We know our own failings, and the impossibility of performing every thing we ought to do, therefore must judge with more severity in our own case than in that of others.

To be good is to be happy.—Angels
Are happier than man, because they are better.

Happiness is understood to be a state of perfect contentment and peace, resulting from that integrity and purity of heart which gives a relish to every pleasing and rational enjoyment of life; but being seated in the mind, can no otherwise be expressed in a picture, than by collecting certain visible expressions of it. The painter has chosen those outward marks of happiness

which result from successful industry. She is therefore represented by the figure of an amiable and graceful woman, with a placid countenance, and dressed in white and rich coloured robes. She is seated, because there is no happiness without tranquillity. In one hand she holds the caduceus of Mercury, to indicate industry, commerce, and good management; in the other a cornucopiæ with fruit, as the produce of her well-regulated endeavours, and an acknowledged symbol of plenty; peace and plenty being the great sources of public as well as private happiness. She is seated in the midst of a garden, planted with fruit-trees, some hops, and vines; at a distance is seen a mansion, or noble retreat, beyond which is a distant view of the sea, bringing in the produce of other countries. To complete the scene, she is surrounded by her happy children, enjoying the blessings she has procured. One is holding a cup overflowing with some kind of beverage. Another on her lap is presenting to her a golden apple; while a third, at her feet, has his lap full of all kinds of treasure, and a golden cup also filled to a heap with pieces of gold, pearls, &c. The genius of peace is with one hand presenting her with an olive-branch, and in the other he holds a torch, with which he is setting fire to the implements of war, while with his foot he tramples on a broken sword; indicating a general peace, and the happy period so much wished for, of wars being totally banished from the earth. She is crowned with flowers, to denote festivity on the completion of her wishes.

THE HAPPY MONK.

AN EXTRACT OF A LETTER SENT BY A FATHER TO
HIS SON.

Lyons, 7th September, 1787.

AMONG the other objects of attention recommended to strangers who visit this great city, is the monastery of the Chartreuse, and particularly their fine church, dedicated to John the Baptist. I went accordingly and made the usual round of the buildings, sculpture, paintings, &c. and was indeed much gratified with what was shewn. But I could not help feeling, and expressing a wish to see and converse with one of that secluded and severe fraternity; and I was happy enough to obtain full satisfaction. Our guide conducted us to one of the father's sequestered cells, and knocked. It was immediately opened, and we were announced as strangers from England. The good man came forth and courteously invited us in. He had just finished his solitary dinner, and being Friday, it had been peculiarly meagre; but an air of habitual resignation and contentment was settled on his forehead, and spoke in his eyes. He was rather below the middle size, and apparently about fifty years old. Yet in spite of the inroads of half a century, the uncouthness of his habit, and the austerities imposed and practised by his order, he exhibited a figure which disguise could not render awkward nor ungenteel, vigour and agility, which discovered only the first symptoms of decay, and an urbanity and benevolence hardly to be expected in a convent. He conducted us into his antichamber. Every thing was simple, but neat and clean. From thence, by a narrow passage, into his library; the passage was ornamented by a well-chosen collection of maps and prints. "By means

of these," says the monk, pointing to a map, "though confined to this spot, I travel like you from country to country, with this advantage on my side, that I am never incommoded by the weather, never obstructed on the road, and never plagued with the extortion of publicans, and of the vile fry which swarm about inns and hotels." The library was in good order but wretchedly chosen; had the choice rested with the monk it would have been better, but there he found the books provided for him, and there he must leave them to his successor. From the window he pointed to his garden, it is one of the best fancied and furnished of its size I ever beheld: thanks to himself for this, not to his order. The arrangement, the cultivation is all his own. "Are you fond of flowers?" said he to me. "Yes, of seeing them grow."—"Are pinks a fashionable flower in England?"—"They are, and the new varieties are infinite."—"Will you do me the honour to accept of a little seed, of a sort or two which I reckon beautiful? perhaps it may be a novelty in your country."—"Most willingly, and if I live to see the flower disclose its beautiful tints, I will think of the peaceful retirement where I found the seed, and the gentle manner in which it was tendered me."—"This," says he, "is my favourite amusement; it is an innocent one, it is akin to our daily occupations, for it leads the mind to the good God, and has rather more variety than the repetition of our office."—"Yes," replied I, "and thus, in spite of the mortifications enjoined upon your order, you become the father of a numerous and beautiful offspring, and yet preserve your vow unsullied." His eye beamed a smile, but he said nothing. "You must have the goodness to descend into my little garden, and give me your opinion of it."—"With much pleasure, I rejoice to see your situation admits of so much happiness."—"I am very happy; I have no care but about another world; I want nothing, and am never unemployed."—"These

grapes are hardly ripe, but will you do me the favour to taste them?"—"They have a relish which no grapes I ever tasted before could possess." He made me a bow, and the colour overspread his cheek.

A

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE YELLOW FEVER

WHICH PREVAILED IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA,
IN THE YEAR 1793.

[Published at Philadelphia in Poulson's Almanack for the
Year 1795.]

AMONG the domestic occurrences that arrested the attention of the citizens of the United States, in the course of the year 1793, the rage of the yellow fever in the city of Philadelphia, deserves to be recorded as the most remarkable. The disorder, distinguished by this appellation, is highly contagious and mortal, and leads in its train all the horrors of a pestilence. A disease so dreadful in itself, and so unusual in this country, could not fail to occasion universal terror and confusion during its prevalence, and general curiosity and discussion after it had subsided. The public have already been presented with the successive publications of Mr. Carey, Mr. Helmuth, Dr. Nassy, Dr. Cathral, Dr. Currie, Dr. Deveze, and Dr. Rush, and the Minutes of the active and useful Committee of Citizens. These productions will transmit to posterity an accurate and comprehensive history of the fever, and throw the clearest light upon the future researches of science or curiosity. The present concise account is offered only to those who have not an opportunity of perusing these productions.

The state of the weather, some time previous to the appearance of the fever, deserves to be particularly noticed. It was, in general, warm and dry, and seemed

to possess a quality that rendered it uncommonly enervating and depressing to the human frame. The feelings and recollection of many persons who have been so fortunate as to escape the fever entirely, or to survive its attacks, will sufficiently establish the truth of this observation. But, whether the generation of the disorder may be attributed to this circumstance, or to exhalations from putrid vegetable matter; or whether it was generated at all in this country, is a subject on which doctors have disagreed, and I shall not attempt to decide. It seems, however, to be agreed on all hands, that the sensible qualities of the atmosphere had a striking effect, in rendering the contagion more or less active.

The yellow fever appeared in the city of Philadelphia about the beginning of August. Dr. Cathrall attended a patient at Denny's lodging-house, in Water-street, on the third of August. On the 5th of August, Dr. Rush was requested by Dr. Hodge to visit his child. He observes, that he found the child ill with a fever of the bilious kind, accompanied with a *yellow skin*, which terminated in death on the seventh of the same month.

On the 6th of August, Dr. Rush was called to attend two persons with similar symptoms, and visited several between that day and the nineteenth following. It does not appear, however, that even the physicians had any apprehension of the existence of a malignant contagious fever in the city before the 19th; and, even after that period, some of the profession disputed its existence. But the alarm seems then to have spread pretty rapidly, for on the 22d of August, our vigilant and intrepid Mayor, Matthew Clarkson, Esq. addressed the city commissioners, and directed them to cleanse and purify the streets immediately. On the 23d or 24th, the governor of the commonwealth directed an inquiry to ascertain the facts respecting the existence of a contagious

disorder in the city, and the probable means of removing it. Dr. Hutchinson, the physician of the port, in answer to the first question, stated the existence of an infectious malignant fever, and the ravages it had already made within the circle of his inquiries *. In answer to the second, he referred to the recommendations of the College of Physicians respecting the prevention and treatment of the disorder, which were, at the same time, made public.

The public calamity was now no longer questionable. Terror, confusion, and distraction, spread rapidly from breast to breast, and from family to family. The citizens ceased to regard with pleasure their seats of thriving industry and flourishing commerce. Those of them whose connections afforded an asylum, or whose circumstances permitted them to seek one, gradually abandoned the city, and retired to different parts of the United States ; and the horizon of horror seemed to be closing swiftly on those who remained behind.

In the progress of this fatal disorder, it was observed, that the fear of death and the desire of safety, predominated over every principle of generosity, gratitude, and duty. The near approach of danger seemed to have dissolved the tender connections of parent and child—of brother and sister—of husband and wife. That amiable enthusiasm—that heroism of affection, which, might have been so conspicuously displayed on this occasion, was sought for in vain. All the charities of human nature were contracted into a small circle, and that little circle was SELF.

In making this observation, which must be grating to the feelings of many of my fellow citizens, I follow Mr. Carey, in his popular history of the fever. As a general observation, I believe it is well founded ; but, from the mass of the people, I have no doubt a thousand amiable

* It appears by the register of deaths, that about two hundred persons had been carried off by the fever at this time.

instances of contrary conduct might be selected. To detail these would be a most agreeable office ; but voluntarily shrinking from public applause, or sunk perhaps to the silent grave, what historian shall enrich his annals with their virtues ? What penetrating eye has darted into the deserted chamber of disease and despair, and seen the affectionate wife binding the temples of her husband, or the weeping daughter kneeling beside the bed of her father ? Amiable sex !—who know so well to rob the barbed shafts of pain of half their asperity—your gentle offices, I am persuaded, were not entirely neglected at this important crisis. But it is the fate of female heroism to spread no farther than the borders of their own families ; while the magnanimity of men is stamped on medals, and handed down in records to posterity.

At this period of total stagnation of business, the weight of the public calamity fell very heavily upon the poor. Without the means of escape, without resources for subsistence, and placed in those narrow alleys, and crowded and dirty recesses, in which the fever raged with the most destructive violence : such of them as were not swept at once into the grave, were thrown upon the public charity. At the approach of the disorder, most of the *Guardians of the Poor* had left the city, and those of them who remained, though active and benevolent, found themselves utterly unequal to the additional duties which now devolved upon them. The necessity of an hospital for the infected, was immediately felt and acknowledged, and Bush Hill, the seat of William Hamilton, Esq. a large and commodious edifice, situated near the city, but aloof from the neighbourhood of any other dwelling-houses, was, after some time, fixed upon and taken possession of. To this place the sick were sent, and here they were provided for and attended. On the tenth of September, an advertisement, under the signature of the Mayor, announced that the *Guardians of the Poor* were dis-

tressed for want of assistance, and invited the aid of benevolent citizens. A meeting of the citizens was held on the 12th, and another on the 14th of September. At this last meeting, the *Committee*, who rendered themselves so eminently useful in these times of general distress, were nominated. The committee consisted, originally, of twenty-six members, and, as necessity demanded their immediate organization, they proceeded directly to business. STEPHEN GIRARD and PETER HELM offered themselves as Superintendants to the hospital at Bush Hill. This dangerous duty they discharged with a zeal and activity which does them the highest honour, and merits the warmest gratitude of their fellow citizens. Dr. Deveze, a physician from Cape Francois, and Dr. Duffield, of this city, devoted their professional labours to the service of the sick. Under the direction of these gentlemen, the hospital was kept in excellent order, and furnished with every requisite for the comfort and convenience of the afflicted. Numerous nurses and assistants, and three resident physicians, and an apothecary, secured to the patients every benefit of careful attendance, and immediate medical aid *. At first, as was natural to expect, the citizens regarded the hospital with horror, as the promiscuous retreat of despairing victims, who were conveyed thither to expire at a distance from their friends. But it was afterwards regarded as the safest asylum for the infected, and many persons who needed not the benefit of the poor laws, were, at their own request, removed thither, as to a place where they might be secure of every possible attention and assistance.

In the rapid progress the disease made, from the time the Committee of Health was organized, till the middle of October, many families in the city, of some

* Vide Minutes of the Committee, page 52, the Report upon the State of the Hospital.

respectability, actually suffered for the want of menial aid. The Widow Mills's family, in Race-street, to the number of seven, were all ill with the fever, in the early part of September, and had no other nurse but a black man, who visited them frequently every day, but who had other families in the same manner under his care, and was, of consequence, often absent. The family suffered extremely, till a young man, a nephew of the widow's, heard of their distress, and heroically devoted himself to their relief: instructed only by his humanity, he became a tender, faithful, and solicitous nurse. Two of the family died—the rest recovered under his affectionate care; but, a few days after, and under the same roof, he himself sunk a victim to his own virtuous zeal. Virtue, wherever it appears, enobles the possessor, however humble his external situation may be. This young man's name was Charles Halden—he had been an apprentice to Joseph Budd, of this city, and was about twenty years of age. This effort of courageous humanity deserves the greater applause, as he never expected to survive it.

The disorder seems to have been attended with the greatest mortality between the 8th and 14th of October. The burials, during that interval, average one hundred daily; and nothing could exceed the melancholy situation of the survivors. Almost all the officers of government had forsaken the city: above twenty thousand inhabitants had likewise fled, and near three thousand houses were shut up. Every day added to the bills of mortality the names of valuable citizens, to whom the people had looked up with eyes of hope and expectation. Social intercourse was at an end—the barred mansion admitted no longer the steps of inquisitive familiarity, or soothing affection. The citizens turned their eyes, sullen with continual grief, distressfully upon every approaching object.

A friend of mine, who remained in the city during

the whole reign of the disorder, informed me, that, on the evening of a day in which the mortality around him had been very great, and several of his intimate acquaintances had fallen, he retired to bed at his usual hour; but, tortured with melancholy reflections, was unable to take any repose. He rose, and throwing up the sash of a front window, looked into the street. The moon cast her palest beams upon the prospect, and the death-like silence which reigned around, was interrupted only by the loud and piercing shrieks of departing victims, and the low rumbling noise of carriages removing the dead. Sometimes he would see a fresh corpse silently let down from a casement, and, being placed upon shafts, fall into the long, slow, and solemn march of an endless train of coffins. What a striking picture of desolation did this once cheerful and populous city present! How gloomy to a being surrounded with all these horrors, and who knew not in what manner they would terminate!

An affecting instance of accumulated domestic distress, is recorded in the Minutes of the Committee, page 71:

“One of the carters, in the service of the committee, reports, that in the performance of his duty, he heard the cry of a person in great distress. The neighbours informed him, that the family had been ill some days, and that, being afraid of the disease, no one had ventured to examine the house. He cheerfully undertook the benevolent task—went up stairs, and to his surprise, found the father dead, who had been lying on the floor for some days, two children near him, also dead, and the mother in labour. He tarried with her; she was delivered while he was there; and, in a short time, both she and her infant expired! He came to the city-hall, took coffins and buried them all.”

The disease in its destructive career, had robbed many families of their head and support, and left numerous infants wandering about the streets, without any

human being to own and protect them. The committee found here a new occasion for the exercise of their paternal care, and accordingly established an orphan-house, with a respectable matron to superintend it. This institution has, at different times, extended its shelter to one hundred and ninety-four children. At the dissolution of the committee, they recommended these innocents to the protection of the legislature, in the most earnest and affecting manner. An act of the General Assembly has since been passed, appointing guardians for these orphan children, and providing, in a liberal manner for their support and education.

On the twenty-sixth of October, the disorder having very considerably abated, the committee addressed their fellow-citizens, congratulating them on the very flattering change that had taken place; but recommending to those who were absent, not to return until the state of the atmosphere should be altered by rain or cold weather. During the greatest part of the disorder, the heavens (to use a forcible Scripture expression) had been *as brass*. To this uncommon drought may be attributed much of the violence and obstinacy of the fever. Towards the latter end of October, the weather became more cool, and some rain descended. Although this unquestionably produced very salutary effects; yet, it is possible, that this circumstance alone will not account for the very rapid declension of the disease. Mr. Carey devotes a whole chapter of his book, to prove, that winds and rain had no effect at all, but that the cessation ought to be ascribed to supernatural divine interference. He who believes that the DEITY could as well employ natural as miraculous means to accomplish his benevolent purposes, will undoubtedly conclude, that in this respect his piety is as mistaken as his philosophy is erroneous.

*A Summary of Deaths, each Month, during the
Fever.*

In August, 1793, there died	361
In September	- - - 1514
In October	- - - 2045
In November	- - - 124
Total	4044

HUMOROUS ADVENTURE OF GEN. PUTNAM.

[From a History of America.]

SOON after Mr. Putnam removed to Connecticut, the wolves, then very numerous, broke into his sheep-fold, and killed *seventy* fine sheep and goats, besides wounding many lambs and kids. This havoc was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within reach of gun shot; upon being closely pursued she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps. This wolf at length became such an intolerable nuisance, that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbours, to hunt alternately till they could destroy her. Two by rotation were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known that having lost the toes from one foot by a steel trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige the pursuers recognised in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten the next morning the blood hounds had driven her into a den about three miles distant from the house of Mr. Putnam; the people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and

sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect, nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts (which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night) Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain; he proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf—the negro declined the hazardous service. Then it was that Mr. Putnam, angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy the ferocious beast, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. His neighbours strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprise; but he knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of birch bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain, that would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having accordingly divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back at a concerted signal, he entered head foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand!

The aperture of the den on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by some earthquake. The top and bottom are also of stone, and the entrance in winter being covered with ice is exceedingly slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to

raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width.

Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of this den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror. He cautiously proceeding onward, came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eye-halls of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern ! Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth and gave a sullen growl ! As soon as he had made the necessary discovery he kicked the rope, as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity, that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his clothes and loaded his gun with nine buck shot, holding a torch in one hand and the musket in the other, he descended a second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude and on the point of springing at him. At the critical instant he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. But having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose, and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope (still tied round his legs) the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them *both out together !*

PEN PARK HOLE.

[From the Philosophical Transactions.]

THIS hole, which is situated in the corner of a plain field (near Pen-park, the seat of John Harmer, Esq. five miles from Bristol) is encompassed, for a small distance round with a hedge, to prevent cattle, &c. from falling into it; within this hedge there are a few bushes growing; therefore those whose curiosity may tempt them to visit it, will do well to look cautiously about them, before they venture to explore this dreadful gulph. Within this inclosure, which is but a few yards in circumference, a most horrid chasm presents itself to the eye, of no great depth at the opening, but a little lower it extends itself on every side, quite out of sight; if a stone be cast into this opening, it will be heard dashing against the protuberances of rock, &c. it meets with in falling, for a considerable time, till, at last, it is lost by plunging into a vast depth of water.

A melancholy accident, which happened here on Friday, the 17th of March, 1775, was the cause of this place being more universally known than heretofore, and was the means of several persons venturing down into it. The Rev. Mr. Newnham, one of the minor canons of Bristol Cathedral, in company with another gentleman and two ladies, went to this place to examine the depth with a line, and on approaching the mouth of the aperture, for his greater safety, laid hold of a twig that sprung from the root of an ash growing over the mouth of the cavern, but his foot unfortunately slipping, the twig broke, and he fell to the bottom, in sight of his friends, whose distress at this dreadful event may be imagined, but not described; and here we cannot omit a remarkable circumstance, which is the psalm in the morning service of that day, read by him at Clifton church, where he officiated, for being so plaintively descriptive of his approaching catastrophe: Psalm 88, p. 5. *Thou hast*

laid me in the lowest pit : in a place of darkness ; and in the deep. Many persons went down daily, for a considerable time, in search of the body, which was not found till thirty-nine days after the accident, when it was met with floating on the water.

W.

THE DRAMA.

HAY MARKET THEATRE.

JULY 2. **A** NEW pantomimical drama, called *Obi*, or *Three-fingered Jack*, was performed here with considerable applause.

In point of interest, scenery, appropriate dresses, and elegance of decoration, it is not inferior to some of the most popular *spectacles* produced on the winter stages. Mr. FAWCETT, the acting manager, has the merit of composing this exhibition, in which historical fact and fiction are judiciously blended. The music, though not distinguished for original movements, is not destitute of that "happy combination of sweet sounds," for which Dr. ARNOLD's productions have been justly admired.

MR. WHITMORE has, in the various scenes, displayed both his science and taste with peculiar efficacy.

15th. A piece, called the *Point of Honour*, was brought forward with indifferent success. It is a liberal translation from the *Deserteur* of MERCIER, written in 1770, and played with applause since the commencement of the revolution. Mr. C. KEMBLE has translated and adapted it to the English stage ; a task which he has executed with judgment. But as the subject, incidents, and dialogue, possess not any peculiar merit, we are doubtful of its popularity. Mr. BARRYMORE exerted himself with no small degree of spirit and animation.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR JULY, 1800.

ODE ON THE

DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

LET nobler bards attempt in nobler lays
To blazon forth the pomp of Roman days,
And court the servile muse of war, that sings
The pride of tyrants and caprice of kings;
Be mine a *hero*, later scenes can yield—
Renown'd as in the council as the field.
Be WASHINGTON my theme—the patriot bold,
Lov'd by the NEW world—honour'd by the OLD—
Dear to the brave, to freedom ever dear,
Whom *youth* could learn to love, and *age* revere;
And thou, creative muse, of heavenly throng,
Thro' time's deforming scenes the strain prolong,
And, as my theme immortal, immortal make my song. }

Say, thou bright genius of the western world,
When proud oppression's darts were round thee hurl'd;
How would thy gen'rous spirit have been spurn'd,
Thy sons have fallen, and thy cities burn'd,
Had not a WASHINGTON divine appear'd,
And on thy plains the flag of freedom rear'd;
Cherish'd the sacred flame thy cause had fir'd,
That ev'ry arm and ev'ry heart inspir'd;

VOL. X. B b

Snatch'd thy broad empire from oppressive woes,
 Burst thy foul chains, and bound them on thy foes;
 And in thy sorrows made thy virtues known,
 Which time has sanction'd and which fame has blown,
 And rais'd thy martial prowess, immortal as his own. }

See him retir'd on VERNON's peaceful plains,
 Where nature triumphs and where virtue reigns;
 Resign'd the state and city's jarring noise,
 For sacred silence and secluded joys;
 A wreath that Ceres twin'd adorn'd his brow,
 He wields the sickle and directs the plough.
 Here, 'midst domestic cares he liv'd, and here
 Receives his summons to a higher sphere;
 Here faith attends him with unmoisten'd eye,
 Before whose wand suspicion's vapours fly;
 Religion at his side, with form resign'd,
 Clos'd his bright eye, and bore his lab'ring mind. }
 To happiness unclouded, to prospects unconfin'd. }

And now, what time the sun's declining ray
 Tipt the tall spire with gold; in sad array
 The mournful group the HERO bears along;
 While drown'd in tears the sad surrounding throng,
 Weeping that worth they ne'er may see again,
 Pay their last tribute to the first of men.
 Night from the east, as conscious of their woe,
 With sable curtain shrouds the scene below;
 While Philomela on the lonely spray,
 Hails the dread silence with her saddest lay;
 Yet shall the rosy morn the spot illumine,
 And ever round the hero's deathless tomb,
 Shall earliest songsters sing, and choicest flowers bloom. }

Wolverhampton.

CIVIS.

THE SIGH.

LITTLE fugitive of sorrow!
 Heaving oft my troubled breast!
 From whom I am constrain'd to borrow
 Language for a grief suppress.
 Offspring pure of soft emotions!
 No one can thy nature know;
 Or of thy power form equal notions,
 Till tutor'd in the school of woe.
 This bosom oft by thee dilated,
 The Almighty's plans would ne'er arraign;
 By goodness prompted, he created,
 The soul his wisdom proves by pain.
 The heart that's chasten'd by affliction,
 Knows nothing of the murmurer's cry;
 By resignation's meek restriction,
 The groan is soften'd to a sigh.

June 10.

ANNA MARIA.

MARY'S GRAVE.

NOW sweetly o'er yon eastern hill,
 The dawn of morning streaks the skies;
 Wake shepherd from thy slumbers still,
 And from thy soft repose arise.
 Winter, with all his frozen train,
 Hath fled upon the northern blast;
 And genial spring o'er all the plain,
 A mantle green again hath cast.
 And see the tender buds appear,
 The blossoms shed their sweets around;
 Their simple heads the snow-drops rear,
 And the pale primrose decks the ground.

Then shepherd rise and come away,
And I will tell thee all my woe ;
Why sorrow darkens all my day,
And why my tears for ever flow.

On me bright nature smiles no more,
Tho' spring in all her charms is drest ;
Tho' she displays her golden store,
Deep melancholy chills my breast.

Dost thou not see yon cypress glade,
Whose boughs wave slowly to the gale ?
Didst thou not know the lovely maid,
The pride and wonder of the vale ?

Dost thou not see yon simple stone,
That rests against an aged tree ?
Oh thou, whom once I call'd my own,
When shall I come and dwell with thee ?

To thee no more shall spring return,
Nor Phœbus dart his cheering ray ;
For thee no more the hearth shall burn,
When winter chills the face of day.

And see the favourite lamb, to whom
Its daily food so oft she gave ;
Hath wander'd to my Mary's tomb,
And nips the grass which decks her grave.

But let us check the bitter tear,
Which falls upon the verdant sod ;
For though the ashes moulder here,
The soul reposes with its God.

Those early flowers which sweetly spread
Their various beauties o'er the plain ;
Were lately wither'd, dry, and dead,
And shortly they must fade again.

But my lov'd Mary's lifeless clay,
Which bloom'd so beauteous here before ;
Shall spring in realms of endless day,
And flourish to decay no more !

ST. CLAIR.

A BALLAD.

REMOTE from town, in humble cot,
A widow'd matron dwelt ;
Each sylvan beauty grac'd the spot,
And sweet content she felt.

Save when alone she ponder'd o'er
The horrid scenes of war ;
Save when her husband stain'd with gore,
In memory's glass she saw.

For he a soldier was and brave,
His breast felt martial fire ;
But savage carnage none will save,
Nor till o'er-gorg'd retire.

To storm a fort his duty led,
The contest was severe ;
Foremost he climb'd—he fought—he bled,
And laurels grac'd his bier.

Thus fall our youths in glory's cause—
Ah ! glory leads to woe !
Why does not mad ambition pause,
Ere blood he bids to flow ?

Why pityless does he destroy
Fair nature's blooming face ?
Why blast a thousand parent's joy,
By murd'ring of their race ?

These pensive thoughts, from pity's font,
Forc'd crystal tears to flow ;
But free her lot from griping want,
She knew no lasting woe.

Thus from o'er-shadowing clouds on high
Oft pours the genial show'r ;
Till Sol anon illumines the sky,
And joys the passing hour.

One daughter was her age's pride,
A duteous lovely maid;
For grandeur's state she never sigh'd,
Nor envied its parade.

The gaudy dress that others prize,
Devoid of charms she saw;
And thoughtless pleasure to her eyes,
Oft broke strict virtue's law.

Yet not unconscious was her mind,
To recreation true;
In rural walk, or dance she join'd,
With a selected few.

Each act her native sense display'd,
And gain'd of all esteem;
To aged friends she reverence paid,
And was their fondest theme.

No showy gifts did she possess,
No fine endowments rare;
Her skilful choice would e'er suppress
Accomplishments that glare.

So lowly, yet so sweet is seen,
The fair enamell'd field;
So flows the noiseless brook serene,
Which tranquil pleasures yield.

The richest peasants vainly strove
Fair Emma's heart to gain;
But none excited tender love,
Nor gave her bosom pain.

To duty wedded, nought could change
Her calm unwav'ring mind;
Or soft persuasive praise derange
A system so refin'd.

Oft in those hours to friendship dear,
When all alone they stray'd;
Would she impart her thoughts sincere,
And thus reveal'd the maid:

" Could I so kind a parent leave,
 " Enfeebled thus with age,
 " Her breast with anxious cares would heave,
 " That no one could assuage.
 " My helpless years she nurs'd with care,
 " To her, and Heav'n, I owe
 " Deep gratitude for prospects fair,
 " And health's warm-tinted glow,
 " Do we not view yon aged tree,
 " With ivy boughs intwin'd?
 " So firm shall my affections be,
 " So strongly fix'd my mind.
 " While life's dull embers can be fann'd,
 " A little warmth t'impart,
 " Be mine the task with pious hand,
 " To soothe her aged heart.
 " To love's soft tale I'll not attend,
 " 'Twould haply wound my breast;
 " I love my mother dear, and friend,
 " And am by them carest."

Thus spoke the maid in friendship's ear,
 And friendship smil'd assent;
 And thus she lives each circling year,
 With single life content.

Oh! filial love, how sweet thy pow'r!
 How permanent thy joy!
 All other passions give each hour
 A portion of alloy.

ELIZA,

THE COTTAGE MAID.

TO THE TUNE OF THE MADRICAL.

LET town-bred belles, elate with pride,
 Our humble rustic joys despise,
 We in our turn can their's deride,
 And artless simpler pleasures prize,

What tho' to opera, ball, and play,
 A stranger is the cottage maid,
 She when the moon-beams trembling ray,
 Trips lightly o'er the dewy glade.

Be it their's with vain insidious grace
 To bid each feature move by rule,
 With borrow'd charms to deck the face,
 Or point the shaft of ridicule.

Be it ours to breathe the healthful gale,
 And at Aurora's summons rise,
 To bear the milk-pail through the dale,
 And feel the glow of exercise.

Be it their's to spread the wily snare,
 And play a light coquetish part;
 The cottage maid knows no such care,
 To gain the rustic's honest heart.

Love flies the town on silken wing,
 He sickens at their gay parade;
 With virtue blooms perpetual spring,
 And smiles upon the cottage maid.

Isleworth.

A. R.

DESPAIR.

OH God! how injuries doth the mind inflame!—
 Curs'd be those fiends who gen'rous friendship
 feign,

Like the dire wizards spell, that witching name
 Lur'd me to ruin, misery, and pain.

All, all is lost!—my views are shadow'd o'er
 With deep'ning gloom which gives my bosom dread:
 From Hope's bright sun no rays enliv'ning pour—
 Despair's dark regions are with horrors spread.

Creation's charms are drest in sombre hues,
 Alike to me the morn, or eve serene,
 Forlorn the barren heath I roam, and muse
 On those eventful days mine eyes have seen.

Ah! that scath'd oak which frowns o'er yonder vale,
 -Appears companion of my deep distress,
 How leafless ev'ry branch! its trunk how pale,
 Sad image of despair in mournful dress.

Oft when the genius of the tempest raves,
 I wind the craggy hill with footsteps slow;—
 Loud-raging gales of night, hoarse-sounding waves,
 Suit best the feelings of the man of woe.

While thus I wander oft a whisp'ring voice
 Bids me my sorrows end by manly deed,
 "There stands the precipice—why a moment pause?
 "Plunge in that surge, or by the poniard bleed."

Malign associate of distress away,—
 Tho' dark my prospects, hopeless every view,
 I fear the judgment of the final day,
 And dare not in my blood my hands embrue.

But oh! these pangs of direful woe to end,
 This wild distracted state, that wastes my frame,
 Come, death, oh! quickly come, pale pen'ry's friend—
 Me, as thy victim long-devoted, claim.

He hears my voice;—I see his haggard form,
 And bare my bosom to his well-aim'd dart;
 It pierces deep, and drinks the current warm,
 Profusely flowing from my bleeding heart.

Now ev'ry scene is closing fast around,
 Dim are my eyes—my pulse beats faint, and slow,
 The pow'r I bless that gives the deadly wound,
 My soul redeeming from life-torturing woe.

J. S.

ELEGY.

MY mind is heavy, and my thoughts are sad,
 My bosom heaves the sigh of heartfelt grief;
 Surrounding objects do no more look glad,
 Nor can afford my burthen'd soul relief.

My wife is fled; my ever loving wife
Is now no more! Ah! sad distracting thought—
But Heaven, I trust, will yet prolong my life,
To teach my children what they should be taught.

Henceforth be it my pride and all my care,
To bring them up, and learn them virtue's law,
For this, I hope, that God my life will spare,
And I thereby resume my lost repose.

My child, my youngest child is also flown,
To God and Heav'n!—why should I grieve at this?
Perhaps he's been permitted to come down,
And guide his mother to the realms of bliss.

Teach me, Oh God! ere I resign my breath,
To look to thee, and form aright my heart,
That I may, when my eyes are clos'd in death,
Rejoin my partner, never more to part.*

E.

ON HAPPINESS.

THAT happiness may be our own,
And that is what we all would find;
Know this: that it is found alone
Within the region of the mind.

Keep that serene, unsullied, chaste,
Then happy we shall surely live;
For this affords, if this we taste,
What gold, nor place, nor earth can give.

J. E.

THE PEDESTRIAN.

AS when a man, who free from cares,
And all the busy world's affairs,
Of that sweet gift, of health possess'd,
Contentment, and with riches bless'd;

Can call the pleasures of a crown,
And joys of liberty his own;
So is the pedestrian free,
He rests beneath the shady tree
When tir'd, resumes at will his course,
Nor waits for man, nor coach, nor horse:
And as he rambles o'er the green,
He views with joy each passing scene;
The peaceful vale, the murm'ring rill,
The reedy pool, the distant hill,
The dreary cot, the neighb'ring farm,
Each to his soul affords a charm.
Nor envies those who idly ride,
Caress'd by folly, pomp, or pride,
But cheerful, whistling, thoughtful, gay,
He trudges on his lonely way.

Jan. 25, 1800.

J. M.

ODE ON DISQUIETUDE.

THOUGH nature's smiling at th' approach of spring,
And from each spray th' aerial warblers sing,
Though vernal fields and rural landscapes rise,
And lofty hills aspiring kiss the skies,
Though prospects charming all around I see
E'en all combin'd, they yield no charms for me.

The silver streams that murm'ring softly flow,
The thicket rising o'er the vale below,
The craggy steep impending o'er its base,
The ruin'd tow'r, fam'd for some nervous race,
Which time erst lov'd to rear, and now deface,
The hawthorn blossom and the budding tree,
Are charming all; but yield no charms for me!

But, ah! in some sequester'd wild-wood shade,
Unfrequented, remote from haunt of man,
Where day's bright gleam can ne'er the gloom pervade,
Or sound disturb, save when thy gentle fan

Soft zephyrus, with cooling breeze,
Forms mimic sounds among the rustling trees,
And fancy thus deludes.—There my mind,
In cherishing its woes shall solace find.
Yes, lonely solitude! I welcome thee,
For solitude alone hath charms for me.

CAROLUS.

SONG.

FROM childhood's bands ere I escap'd,
Ere reason my ideas shap'd,
Ere yet I knew what passion meant,
His warm desire affection lent.

As added years my age improv'd,
With tender zeal the fair I lov'd,
Some charmer taught my heart to stray,
Whose beauty pointed out the way.

Soon as the flame of love decays,
Some nymph still fans the latent blaze,
Some other charmer prompts my sighs,
With all the magic of her eyes.

The sun in vain to me appears,
'Tis love alone that life endears,
And from my thoughts of good I blot
Those hours when beauty was forgot.

T.

SONNET

TO THE EPHEMERON.

BRIEF monitor! to what strange end afloat,
If not to warn the giddy and the gay;
What thy contracted space of life denotes,
If not, in miniature, my longer day?

How oft, when hope's bright sun seem'd far remov'd;
 When rudely menac'd by new storms of strife;
 When love untrue, and friendship false have prov'd,
 How have I curst the tardy wheels of life.

How thy condens'd existence, narrow sphere,
 My soul has envied, and would fain like thee
 Have quit this chequer'd scene without a tear;
 Have dar'd some desp'rate action to be free;

Like thee, where nought, save vice and folly reign,
 Forego life's fancy'd pleasures, to 'scape its real pain.

Wolverhampton.

CIVIS.

THE ROSE.

TO LAURA.

TO Laura I send thee, thou beautiful blossom!
 Ah! mourn not the hedge from whence thou
 wert torn;

For ere long thou shalt bloom on her lovelier bosom,
 Which numbers have languish'd in vain to adorn.

There peace (gentle angel!) her olive has planted,
 And virtue has taught the fair branches to shoot;
 Droop not, silly rose, since to thee it is granted,
 To flourish so near to a heavenly root.

What tho' from the zephyr's soft kiss now no longer
 The balm of ambrosia 'tis thine to inhale;
 Yet cheer thee, and let thy soft colours bloom stronger,
 Her sigh shall afford thee a much purer gale.

And while from her breath fresh perfume thou art
 stealing,

Still give back the sweets in a grateful return;
 At rest on her bosom thy beauties revealing,
 Ah! ne'er let it feel that thou hidest a thorn.

*No. 50, Wellclose Square,
 July 8th.*

ANNA MARIA.

THE DIRGE OF OSCAR.

IN THE MANNER OF OSSIAN.

AWAKE, harp of Ullin, awake !
Carborne Oscar, the breaker of shields, is no
more ;

With the years that are past are the days of his fame,
By the grey stones of Mora he sleeps.

Awake, harp of Ullin, awake !
From thy strings let the loud song of sorrow arise ;
For Morven's brave chief ope the gates of the north,
And give thou his soul to the wind !

Dread stillness in Selma abides ;
No more Oscar's shell with Metheglin shall gleam,
In *Fingál's* airy courts with the ghosts of his sires,
He quaffs from the skull of his foe.

Ah ! low is his helm's crested pride !
No more shall death sit on the sword of his wrath,
No more shall his coursers smart over the heath,
Their fetlocks wide streaming with blood !

Half viewless in dun robes of mist,
On a moon-beam he strides along dark skirted clouds,
Through his uplifted tresses the blast feebly moans,
And the stars twinkle dim through his frame.

Awake, harp of Ullin, awake !
From thy strings let the loud song of sorrow arise ;
For Morven's brave chief ope the gates of the north,
And give thou his soul to the wind !

Lynn.

W. CASE, JUN.

Literary Review.

The Philosophy of Natural History. By William Smellie, Member of the Antiquarian and Royal Societies of Edinburgh. Two Volumes Quarto, Cadell.

THE *first* volume of this entertaining analysis was published some years ago; the *second* has been just sent forth into the world, and the work is now completed. Every investigation of nature is entitled to attention; and the name of *Smellie*, gives to this a sufficient recommendation. This indefatigable writer was the translator of *Buffon*; from his studies, therefore, he must have been well capacitated for the task he has undertaken. In natural history the objects of investigation are, in general, minute and circumstantial; but this work embraces a comprehensive survey, by which means the power and wisdom of the Deity are forcibly impressed on our minds. The author is lately deceased, and this second concluding part is published by the son, who speaks of his father in terms honourable to his memory. It is dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Montrose, who is President of the Society of Antiquarians in Scotland.

This publication is replete with information; the first volume is a delineation of nature; the second details the several systems which have been formed on the subject. Both are eminently calculated to advance the study of natural history. No individual, after perusing them, can walk through creation without having his

mind strongly arrested by the objects around him, and without feeling an inclination to adore that wonderful being by whom all things were created and are sustained. To give a sketch of the work would be almost impossible; we announce it to the public—its merits are unquestionable. It contains the substance of many large volumes, arranged with skill and explained with ability.

The conclusion of the *Philosophy of Natural History*, is highly honourable to the industry of its author, and illustrates in a few words the nature of the work: "I have now finished my original work, with what success I know not. I shall only say what every intelligent reader will easily perceive, that my labours have been great. - Before I began the work, had I known the numerous authors which it was necessary to peruse and consult, I should, probably, have shrunk back and given up the attempt as impracticable, especially for a man so early engaged in the business of life, and the cares resulting from a family of no less than *thirteen* children, *nine* of whom are still in life.

"In the first and second volume I have endeavoured to unfold the general as well as distinctive properties of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Occasionally I have done more. I have sometimes given pretty full characters both of the figure, dispositions, and manners of animals. In these descriptive discursions MAN has not been neglected. Being the principal animal in this planet, he of course deserved particular attention, and it has not been withheld. The varieties of the human species in every region of the globe have been collected and described from the most authentic sources, both ancient and modern. Even in the most uncultivated, and to us deplorable situation of the human race, evident traces of goodness, of genius, and of heroism, are to be found. These amiable qualities, it must be confessed are too often sullied by cruelty, irascible passions, and every species of vice. But *these* qualities are uni-

versal in whatever situation men, whether in a civilised or barbarous state, are placed. The strangest and most unaccountable part of the history of mankind, is that of their eating one another; and yet from the numerous evidences I have produced, it is impossible not to give credit to the shocking fact. The reality of *human sacrifices* is equally certain as the existence of *cannibals*. The diversity of dispositions, the versatility of genius, the great differences of taste and of pursuits, are strong characters of *man*, and distinguish *him* eminently from all the other inhabitants of this earth."

Letters of an Italian Nun and an English Gentleman. Translated from the French of J. J. Rousseau. Fourth Edition. Symonds.

THE pieces of Rousseau are, in general, marked by a peculiarity of sentiment, which fascinates the youthful imagination. His knowledge of the heart, and his excessive sensibility, enabled him to draw a masterly sketch of the passions by which human nature are agitated. A slave to his own feelings, he portrays every thing with the greatest vivacity. On the subject of love, therefore, we are to expect many beautiful flights, and accordingly the whole of the present volume is enriched by them. We are far from undertaking the defence either of the sentiments or moral character of the author—for in many respects both are absolutely indefensible. But we certainly cannot withhold the tribute of applause to various fine strokes contained in his writings.

These *letters* were found amongst Rousseau's manuscripts, and the story is supposed to have some foundation in truth. The *moral* is declared to be, "that the young unmarried woman who suffers herself to commence an epistolary correspondence with a man of her

own age is guilty of great imprudence, but that if she writes one letter to him on the subject of love, she risks her undoing." These are truths of no small importance to female youth, and the guardians of it.

Of this work, which has been much read and admired, we shall furnish our readers with an ample extract. The subject and manner of delineating it cannot fail to delight and instruct the rising generation. Its excellent moral, at the same time, should be deeply impressed on the mind.

LETTER X.

TO ISABELLA.

"If you wished to banish me for ever from you, in what cruel moment was it that you consented to admit me once again to your presence? Was it your design to complete your triumph, by rendering my love more intolerable, and hastening my despair.

"I never saw you in the gay apparel of the world; but, surely, no dress could give a greater force to your charms than that which it is your lot to wear. The habit of parade and fashion may add a more dazzling glare to the beauties of feature and complexion; but where personal charms are heightened by the graces of character, the simple garb in which religion has clad your heavenly form gives to loveliness its full force, and fixes the attention to its best object. The snowy robe, which hangs in ample folds around you, gives a simple, awful, yet winning dignity, which all the luxury of the loom could not afford; and the black, transparent veil, which, while it hides nothing, sets off every thing, and would make an homely countenance interesting,—alas, what is its office when it floats around your countenance!

"Isabella, did you think to cure my passion at once, by calling me again to the contemplation of those charms which inspired it?—and do you think them faded? Beauty, such as thine, does not depend on that bloom which the anger of a moment may increase or destroy, which the austerities of religion may dissipate, and sorrow will eat away. There is a cast of countenance where the majesty of virtue, and the ten-

derness of pity are duly blended; where the softness of the heart aids the perfect lineaments, and where intellectual grace preserves one continual struggle with exterior beauty. This is that loveliness which calls forth the warmest affection, purifies it with every feeling of virtue, and makes it eternal. This is that loveliness which only presents itself to the eye as the avenue by which it may take possession of the soul. Such a loveliness is yours; and that tender melancholy, which you welcome as the foe to your charms, gives them that affecting attraction which completes their power.—I can neither describe nor resist them; and your words have confirmed your written declaration: with a tear on either cheek, and in a tone of voice which almost deprived me of the power of hearing it, you have told me that those charms will never be mine. For what, then, am I to live? With such an assurance, why do I continue a moment on the earth! Is it not the sentence of death that is pronounced against me?—It is,—nor shall it long wait for its accomplishment.—The voice of my complaint shall disturb you no more;—but while I live I will not cease to adore you.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

“If you could behold, but for a moment, the melancholy silence to which your situation has reduced me, you would accuse your heart for not having dictated some few lines of pity to me. If you are, at length, determined not to enliven me into hope, it cannot, surely, be necessary to your happiness, that your neglect should depress me into despair. Wherefore must I curse the day when I first set my foot on these shores? Why do you force me to execrate the hour that gave me birth, and make it the second wish of my heart, that my eyes had never beheld the sun?—Know, Isabella, and I call every power of heaven to bear me witness, no consideration in Nature, no human tie, no earthly temptation, shall divorce me from the spot which contains all that is dear to me in the world. I will breathe the same air that you breathe, and enjoy the melancholy pleasure of contemplating your prison, till the flame which gives me life shall consume me. My native country shall receive me no more; the mother that doats on me shall no more embrace her son. The love of you,

all cruel as you are, makes me unnatural without remorse, and absorbs every feeling that has hitherto been the claim of friendship and of duty.—I have no sensibilities but for you; my grave will not be far distant from yours;—yet a little while, and your barbarity shall be glutted with its victim.

Alas!—mine were the fairest hopes; fortune smiled lavishly upon me, and a bright scene of prosperity surrounded me; but you have conjured up a cloud which obscures the goodliest prospect that ever gave splendour to early life, and have bribed fate to blast every expectation of happiness—Cruel Isabella! the most inexorable tyrant does not refuse bread and water to the criminal whom he has consigned to the dungeon!

LETTER XII.

THE ANSWER.

“What fatal influence governs me that I should write to you again? and wherefore do I suffer your reproaches to reach me! Alas! I deserve them not:—my heart laments your anguish; but it does not accuse me of giving one pang to your bosom. When you call me cruel, you are yourself unjust, very unjust indeed, to one who never injured you, who shares your troubles, and would willingly add to the cruelty of her destiny, if that would avail, to calm them for ever. Ungrateful man! have I used any arts to seduce you? Have I not, from the first moment you made known your passion, urged every motive that might prevail on you to forget the unattainable object of it? Did I build these walls? Was I the architect of my eternal prison? Did my hands forge the bars beyond which I cannot pass! Answer me from your heart, and cease to accuse me.

“Hush your passions for a moment, and, in the interval of reason, let me ask you, what would you think of a woman who should break the most solemn vows, risque her honour, and disgrace her sex, I (speak not of life, for that cannot be called a sacrifice,) to throw herself into the arms of a stranger, without any security for her fame or her happiness but the declaration of a passion, which, being kindled in a moment, may, in a moment, be extinguished? You cannot suppose I mean to accuse you of baseness or treachery: this letter proves how free my heart is from such ungenerous suspicions. I

doubt not of your present sincerity; but I have a right to consider the fickleness natural to youth. Alas! the many examples of female wretchedness, founded on hasty confidence, which even my small information has unfolded to me, will more than justify me.

“Is there a situation so horrible, or can imagination, in its most gloomy moments, form any lot so worthy of pity, and so totally desperate, as that of a woman in my situation, who, having broken her monastic vows, should be deserted by the man who had seduced her? Banished from her country, not only by a sense of shame, but the dread of punishment,—without the means of support in a distant land, whose language she may not know—what is left for her but to die in a state of wretchedness which makes me shudder in the reflection, or to gain a precarious subsistence, by a life of abandoned prostitution, which is worse than any wretchedness, and only delays, to encrease, the agony of despair.

“The history of such a dreadful disaster is not the dream of fiction: upon the walls of this cloister such a story is recorded. I have read, day after day, the horrid tale, and have as often wept the fate of an unhappy sister of this convent, who was thus seduced, and was thus abandoned; who lived the miserable life, and died the agonizing death, which I have described. Whenever this inscription meets my eyes, I consider these walls as an asylum, which, though they do not afford me happiness, will, at least, preserve me innocent; and, though this monastery may not possess an opiate for discontent, it will secure me from despair. With such impressions as these, and under such circumstances as I now profess, the woman who could be won, at such an hazard, to break her solemn engagements, would not deserve to be united to a worthy man, nor be capable of administering to his happiness:—nay, when the ardour of passion began to subside, a worthy man would startle at her imprudence, and find his affection lessen under the natural suspicion of her future infidelities. Such a woman would be unchaste in the contemplation of so bold a design; she would be abandoned before she sought the protection of her seducer. Leave me then, I beseech you;—be grateful to that Providence which smiles upon you, and turn your heart from an unfortunate object who cannot offer the returns it so well deserve. Bestow,

if you please, some share of your compassion upon me; but give your affection to those for whom heaven designed them.

“ You tell me, Sir, that you have a mother who doats upon you: return, then, to comfort the fond parent, who must languish in the absence of such a son as you. Haste, oh haste, to gladden her declining years! Give the smile of joy to those who long for your return, and to your country that worth which will be an honour to it. The renewal of such glowing affections as you will experience among those to whom nature has united you, the ardour of those social regards which renewed friendships will rekindle, and the entrance upon those duties which your rank must claim, will soon dispel the passion which now torments you, and leave your heart free for the impression of some more worthy object of your own country, of your own religion, and speaking your own language, with whom you will enjoy the fruits of an honest and virtuous passion, unmingled with any remorse, and free from any reproach.—Then, my generous friend, you will remember these counsels with regard; and, that youthful, ardent passion which now disturbs your peace, being extinct, you will respect the memory of one who made some sacrifices to suppress it, and thank me at every moment of reflection, that I opposed those desires whose gratification would have caused our mutual undoing.

“ I have written, in this letter, the language of my heart;—in a dispassionate moment it must be the language of yours. I will consent to receive an answer to this, on the condition that it shall contain a last adieu.—The idea of an eternal farewell from one who has thought so highly of me as you have done, cannot but affect me; and if a sensibility I cannot resist forces the waters upon my cheek, be assured that reason will mingle the tears of satisfaction with them.

LETTER XIII.

TO ISABELLA.

“ If a word of reproach stole into any letter which I have addressed to you, I acknowledge its injustice, and must search for an excuse in some moment of distraction, when the weakness of my hopes hurried me into an intemperate arraign-

ment of your heart. It deserves an higher praise than I have the power to bestow, and to gain admittance into it is the object of all my wishes. If I am not found worthy to be received into that temple of all good, let not the divinity, who possesses it, exclude me from the sad privilege of passing the rest of my devoted life before its gates. When I have expired there, every sorrow will be at an end; but to turn from it would be a living death of cruel reflection and bitter disappointment. Alas! I have no right to conceive, much less to write, an accusation against you. If I could dare to accuse Providence, I should say it was unjust in suffering one of its creatures, on whom it had been so lavish, to be hidden from the eye of the world; and that to plant such a flower in a desert, would be to justify the avarice which makes treasure of no use. But the ways of Heaven, however mysterious, should be respected by weak mortals, and the severest storms of life demand submission instead of reproach. Submission is a necessary duty, and reproach is the worst of crimes: hardened villainy and outrageous despair are alone capable of committing it.

“To be deprived of that which can alone make life valuable, is a circumstance of real misery: to have the only hope blasted on which happiness depends, is the summit of misfortune. Such a situation will be mine, if I do not possess you; but it shall not make me blaspheme against heaven or you. I cannot command either my feelings or my fate; but I can offer the one as a silent sacrifice to you, and submit with patience, a reluctant patience I fear it must be, to the other.

“You command me to return to my native country;—yes, Isabella commands, and I cannot obey her. Alas! you must accompany me thither, or I shall never see it more. My mind is so deeply impressed with your image, that it is not susceptible of any other. I am not a slave to the delusions of love, but to love itself: that ennobling and tender sentiment, which gives to the soul a proper sensibility of its own nature, which awakens the finest and most exalted feelings, that raises humanity to something more than human, and is only a better name for the most exalted virtue.

“Do not be surprised nor angry when you are informed that I have put an end to a connection which has been nursed

with care by those who governed my education; a connection which began with my infancy, and was designed, at a future period, to have been sanctified at the altar. The object is amiable, but she is not Isabella: I loved her with a brother's affection, but not with a lover's rapture; and, if my heart had remained my own, I might have been united to her. I have written to my family on this subject. I have told them, that, in a matter of so much real consequence to myself, I must make my own choice, and be my own master; and that they must not expect the playful fondness of boyish age to rise in mature life to that serious passion which can alone promise a solid happiness to the nuptial union. I have, in short, put an end to their expectations of that nature for ever.

In this business, however, I have not been unfaithful, for I never promised fidelity; I have not been inconstant, for I never vowed constancy. Indeed, I was a total stranger to the passion of love, till I beheld you; but the moment my eyes met yours, it struck me like the lightning of heaven, and I was blessed or undone for ever. In an instant it seized every part of me, it ran through every vein, and changed me into a new being; my nature was no more the same, my sentiments wore a different colour, and such a strange, unknown, and powerful sensibility possessed me, that I began to think that my features would partake of the transformation. I now thought no more of my native country; the mother that bore me was forgotten; and all those ties with which nature and habit bind the heart seemed at once to be broken. The world is nothing to me; the spot which contains you seems to be the whole of the universe: in short, my heart is solely and immoveably attached to you.

“What are all the beauties of Nature to him who is blind and cannot behold them? The verdant hill, the crystal fountain, the painted meadow, and the towering city, afford no delight to that eye which is beclouded in darkness. What are the sweetest sounds to that ear whose organs cannot receive them? The most dulcet music, and the persuasion of celestial eloquence, will not affect him who is deaf and cannot hear. What are the sensibilities to virtue, the power of excellence, the tenderness of pity, and the rapture of doing good, to the heart which is hardened by some deadly passion? —Let me add, what are the smiles of fortune to him who is

only anxious for yours; and what attraction can the world have for him but in the spot which you inhabit? Believe me, charming Isabella! though the most splendid palace, with all its pleasures, invited me to possess it, I would turn my back upon the offer with disdain, to become the master of a cottage, from whence I could behold the turrets of your prison. It would be no small comfort to say, There she dwells! and to behold the temple which contains the idol of my heart, though I could not be admitted into it. The pleasure of opening my lattice, to behold the morning sun gild the spires of your convent, would be far greater than the proudest spectacle of the world could afford me; and, at the evening hour, to breathe my sighs beneath the walls that enclose you, would be a luxury that wealth could not purchase. It is a melancholy idea, but I should never part with it, that the sun, when it shone upon your grave, might, at the same moment, glimmer upon mine.

You tell me to chase away passion, and you command me to consult reason.—If by passion you mean my love of you, there is but one way of doing it, which is to end my being, or, at least, to destroy that sensation which gives to existence its only value. If by reason you mean any power of reflection abstracted from you, it is impossible; your image is so fastened to my heart, that my very life-strings must break ere it can escape me. You would have me endeavour to convince myself that I ought not to love you; alas! every feeling I possess is so deeply engaged to support an opposing sentiment, that it would be a fruitless, as well as a painful attempt. Reason would turn aside from such an employment, to ask you, whether those engagements which snatch you from the duties of life can be sacred; and if a situation which is contrary to your nature, and must produce repining and discontent, can be approved by heaven? If your limbs were bound, and the tyrant who caused the cruelty, should tell you that they were not made for motion, would you not scoff at the falshood, and think it a duty to break asunder the cords that confined you? Is not your present imprisonment, which excludes you from the utilities and functions, the pleasures and honours of life; which is the offspring of abominable policy and gloomy superstition; is not, I say, such an imprisonment

equally injurious and detestable, as shameful to support as it would be righteous to escape?

As for your family and friends, you are already estranged from them. They have driven you from their affections and remembrance. You are now as dead to them as if you were in your grave. If I err not, the principle of a conventual state is founded in an entire separation from all earthly connections, and that all the tender realities of life are to be absorbed in the new alliance which is supposed to be made with heaven. If such an allotment can so fill the mind as to produce contentment, nothing more can be said; exchange is fortunate, and the anticipation of another and better world is a wondrous source of satisfaction on earth. But if you should find, lovely Isabella! that these celestial espousals are but the dreams of enthusiasm; if your enlightened understanding should pierce the clouds of superstition, and discover the fallacy of such a notion; if your heart should revolt at the blasphemy of such an idea, what remains for you? To return to that home which was once your own, would be a perilous and vain attempt; its doors must be shut against you, while its inhabitants, instead of affording you protection, would, in the furious zeal of mistaken piety, seize you as a criminal, and bear you back, laden with disgrace, and trembling with the fears of punishment, to the cloister which you had deserted. What then remains for you, but to suffer your bondage with patience, and to let your eyes look upon one unvarying, dismal prospect, through the rest of your days, or turn at once from it to where an honourable marriage, a most ardent affection, a splendid fortune, and all the pleasing, tender relations of life, unfold themselves to you. These objects are not ideal; fancy has not made them gay with its delusive colours: the whole exists; and I wait but your permission to conduct you to it. Love will find wings to top your lofty walls; it possesses strength to break your bars in twain, and cunning to lull the sleepless dragon that watches you. Isabella! you are on the confines of another kingdom; in a few hours you would be safe from immediate danger; in a few days you may set all danger at defiance; and in a few weeks, oh, happy, blissful thought! you may be secure in a land of freedom, where we may be united for ever.

"That I am a stranger to you is most true, and, being so, I cannot wonder at your apprehensions; but this is my only crime: conscious, however, of my integrity, and knowing what I am, your distrust mortifies and distracts me. Do not only turn your eyes, but your thoughts also, from that delusive and alarming tale, which pious fraud has inscribed upon your walls, to make you contented with your chains, and to consider him as an enemy who would aid you to break them. Alas! must such arts be practised upon you? And is it thus that reason is to be quenched? Is it thus that the happiness of rational beings is to be perverted? Isabella cannot be the dupe of such unworthy deceptions.

"I do not wish you to wound, in the smallest degree, the delicacy of your own mind: I can live long upon hope, when supreme happiness is its object. Try my fidelity;—let length of time, if no other means will satisfy you, serve to wear away your apprehensions, and beget your confidence: let your fancy be ingenious to find out new modes of proving me; and I beseech you not to be satisfied while the slightest suspicion of my truth may remain. There is but one command which will not insure obedience. Oh, Isabella! if you tell me not to love, I cannot obey you."

Scientific Dialogues, intended for the Instruction and Entertainment of young People, in which the first Principles of natural and experimental Philosophy, are fully explained. Johnson.

IT is a mark of the advanced state of the age in knowledge and civilization, that so many writers of ability should devote their talents to the service of the rising generation. Mankind begin to be apprized of the value of education. They find that a well informed mind imparts respectability to the individual, and oftentimes constitutes the valuable member of the community.

The ingenious author of this work appears to be a thorough master of his subject, and has laid down the

principles of the subjects he here professes to teach, with neatness and perspicuity. It would be impossible to peruse these pages without considerable pleasure and improvement. The first volume treats of Mechanics, and the second of Astronomy. The most interesting parts of these sciences are selected and happily explained. In the dedication to the Right. Hon. Charles Banks Stanhope, and to the Right Hon. James Hamilton Stanhope, the writer modestly remarks—"it is not intended for proficient in philosophical knowledge, but for noviciates in science—not for those young persons who are unacquainted with the rudiments of natural and experimental philosophy."

The Author also observes, in the preface;—"should these volumes be favourably received by the public, the author proposes to pursue the same plan in four others, for which he has ample materials, and which will comprise *Optics, Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, Chemistry, Electricity, and Magnetism*. He is aware, that to persons conversant with these subjects, and who are accustomed to the arduous employment of education, hints for the improvement of this work may occur; so far, therefore, from deprecating candid criticism, whether of a public or private nature, he will thankfully attend to every liberal suggestion that may be offered, and will in the revision of these volumes, or in writing those that remain to the completion of his design, avail himself of every advantage with which he may be favoured."

We trust that the author will have sufficient encouragement to prosecute and complete his undertaking. In an enlightened age, plans of merit ought never from want of countenance to fail of execution.

The Life of George Washington, late President and Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States of America; interspersed with Biographical Anecdotes of the most eminent Men who effected the American Revolution. By John Corry. Kearsley. 3s. 6d.

THIS little work forms an epitome of the American war, and of the distinguished part which General Washington bore in that memorable contest. As such we recommend it to our young readers, who will be pleased with the information. A variety of anecdotes is also interspersed, which serve to enliven the publication.

Speaking of General Washington's celebrated seizure of the Hessians at Trenton, December 26, 1776, he thus expresses himself with spirit and animation—"It is impossible to contemplate the progress of this little army of patriots without emotion. As they march in solemn silence without one friendly ray to guide their footsteps, what must be their sensations? On the success of their enterprise depends the freedom and happiness of innumerable millions yet unborn; on its failure awaits every evil that can appal the heart. The virtuous matron, the innocent child, the chaste virgin, all depend for protection on this heroic band. As they proceed, their bosoms throb with anxiety, while all the ardour of the soldier arises to overcome apprehension; neither the rigour of a winter's night, nor the certainty of the perils they must face, can deter them from their purpose. Their LEADER, who like an eagle driven from the nest still hovers above its young, what are his thoughts? His noble heart forebodes success—he anticipates victory, and while he feels the glow of heroism, his fortitude is to prepare to brave even defeat itself.

In consequence of the delay occasioned by the diffi-

culty of breaking the ice, it was four o'clock in the morning before Washington could land his troops, with their artillery, on the Jersey shore. He then formed his men into two divisions, one of which he ordered to proceed by the lower road, and he led the other by the upper road to Trenton. Though it was now eight o'clock, the enemy did not discover the approach of the Americans till they were attacked by Washington's division, and in three minutes afterwards the lower part of the town was assailed by the other detachment. Colonel Rolle, who commanded the Hessians, made every effort that could be expected from a brave veteran; he was mortally wounded, and his troops were completely surrounded, and to the number of *one thousand* men laid down their arms.

"This victory may be considered as one of the most fortunate events that befel the Americans during the war. The capture of these foreign mercenaries, who had done them so much mischief, removed all the fears they were in for Philadelphia, their favourite city. Religious individuals attributed this success to the interposition of providence, that had suffered America to be reduced to the extreme of distress, in order to teach them not to place their reliance on their own strength, but to look to an omnipotent power for protection!"

Rome at the Close of the Eighteenth Century. A Poem, with Notes. By Henry Tresham, Esq. R. A. Robinsons. 3s. 6d.

THERE are many beautiful flights in this poem, though some sketches are over-wrought. It touches on a variety of subjects, and displays a cultivated and vigorous imagination.

Speaking of the horrible consequences of WAR in Italy, he thus exclaims with energy:

“Distracted peace! with throbbing bosom bare,
Implores in vain her fertile fields to spare;
While frightened commerce sees impending harms,
And shrinks, indignant, from the clank of arms!”

On the other hand the influence of **LIBERTY** is thus well pourtrayed:

“Unspotted liberty! thy smiles impart
A nerve to science and a soul to art;
With glad effects thy presence cheers the swains—
Spreads balmy bliss o’er cultivated plains;
Gay laughing hours—domestic joys abound,
Content’s pure presence breathes delight around;
Proud independence every moment guides,
And blythe abundance swells thy golden tides!”

The change produced in Italy by the ravages of war, is thus happily depicted:

“Alas! how chang’d a region late so bless’d,
The mousing owl usurps the eagle’s nest;
The gentle dove, whose downy plume distils
Perpetual peace on Tyber’s seven-fam’d hills,
Scar’d by her din of impious warfare, flies
To join Astrea in her kindred skies!”

The poet takes up much of the poem in describing the curiosities of Italy in statuary and painting, which the French have carried away for their own pleasure and amusement. This species of plundering does them no credit. But now the spoil has been secured, we hope that it will be converted to some good purpose. Upon the arrival of peace it will be an additional motive to visit Paris, that we may behold the statues and paintings which once enriched and hallowed the classic soil of Italy.

Original Sonnets on various Subjects, and Odes paraphrased from Horace. By Anna Seward. Sael. 6s. 6d.

THE name of *Seward* already stands high in the roll of poetic fame, which will suffer no diminution by the present production. We, however, perceive an inequality in these sonnets, though the generality of them abound in fine sentiments and happy imagery. It is not our intention to enter into a litigation respecting the regular and irregular sonnet—our readers will be much better pleased with a specimen from the work before us. One sonnet, which we much admire, shall be transcribed.—Its subject is interesting and impressive—

“Behold that tree in autumn’s dim decay,
 Stript by the frequent chill and eddying wind;
 Where yet some yellow lonely leaves we find,
 Ling’ring and tremb’ling on the naked spray,
 Twenty perchance for millions whirl’d away!
 Emblem, alas! too just of human kind!
 Vain man expects, longevity design’d
 For few indeed; and their protracted day,
 What is it worth that wisdom does not scorn?
 The blasts of sickness, care, and grief appal,
 That laid the friends in dust, whose natal morn
 Rose near their own—and solemn is the call;
 Yet like these weak deserted leaves forlorn,
 Shivering they cling to life and fear to fall!”

Her paraphrases and imitations of Horace are, on the whole, executed with felicity. Miss Seward seems to feel the beauty and correctness of her author, and is thereby capacitated for the doing of him justice. Horace is a favourite writer with scholars of taste—the selection of his words, and the skilful arrangement of them, have often struck us with admiration. These charming peculiarities are caught by the translator and

transfused into our language with success. We do not rank ourselves among those austere critics who wish to confine literature to our own sex;—we are glad to perceive the female mind refined and expanded, even by classical acquisitions. The *rights of women* we have never questioned:—may they be extended and perpetuated to the latest posterity.

The Summer's Eve, a Poem, by John Bidlake, A. B.
4s. boards. Murray.

IN this poem we meet with many pleasing lines, and approve of its moral tendency. The beauties of nature in the successive seasons of the year are at all times a charming theme for poetry. *A Summer's Eve* has its peculiar beauties, and on Mr. B.'s imagination they seem to have a lasting impression.

The following sketch we transcribe with pleasure :

See yonder hovel! mark the tottering roof!
Against no angry pelting tempest proof;
See thro' the broken pane, with visit rude,
Each wind familiarly dares intrude!
While hourly trembling in the crumbling wall,
Suspensive danger threats its instant fall.
Within the squalid family complain
Of lingering want, and ever during pain,
There to their rugged beds the hungry creep,
And try to lose their griefs in friendly sleep:
There sad companions! dwell lean wasting care,
Chill penury, and hopeless fix'd despair.
Yet there some solitary joys are found
With friendly balm, to heal the gnawing wound.
There love not frightened from the sooty cell,
With wretchedness is still content to dwell;
Life's charity that smooths the wrinkled brow,
And gilds the gloom of all our pains below.

E'en friendship *there*, will not disdain to rest,
 Nor sleep, who loves to dose on labour's breast.
 See o'er her sleeping babe the mother bends,
 The cradle rocks, and all its slumbers tends.
 Ah! see how anxious love and tender fear
 Fast from her lids distil the trembling tear;
 Affection's tears, more worth than gems can own,
 That beauty deck, or glitter in a crown.
 Thou cradled babe! how does my bosom beat
 To think what ills thy future paths await:
 Pride on thy humble birth shall sternly frown,
 And dark oppression claim thee for his own;
 And thou adversity e'er doom'd to taste,
 A spring bud struggling in the wildest waste;
 Yet one hope cheers; if misery frown around,
 Yet still with tender care thy birth is crown'd;
 Yet he who dooms to thorny paths thy birth
 Shall yet give comforts on this dreary earth.
 Amid this world of woe, the gilded ray
 Of cheerful hope, illumines the dreariest way,
 The officious deeds of tender duty give
 A cordial balm to keep that hope alive!
 Wealth may buy slaves, but wealth cannot procure
 What must be e'er unbought, if it be pure;
 And though the sharpest pangs of ill we prove,
 Life's bitter draught is sweet to *all* through LOVE!

An impartial and succinct History of the Rise, Declension, and Revival of the Church of Christ, from the Birth of our Saviour to the present Time, with faithful Characters of the principal Personages, ancient and modern. By the Reverend T. Haweis, LL. B. and M. D. 3 vols. 11. 1s. Mawman.

THIS history affords unquestionable proof of the industry of the author, though it evidently appears to be written to serve a party. We notice it princi-

pally in order to point out an inconsistency into which the historian has fallen, and at which our readers will, possibly, smile. But such contradictions are not unusual in persons who are under the domineering influence of bigotry.

Mr. Haweis says—"The insolence, the abuse, and the *condemnation* heaped on the devoted heads of all that presumed to differ from a bishop of CARTHAGE, *I utterly condemn*, fully persuaded that the peace, the unity, and purity of the true church, will be a thousand times better preserved by leaving our brethren who may differ from us, to themselves, bearing and forbearing, than by all the anathemas hurled against them by a Cyprian, a Gregory, or a Laud!"

Soon after this charitable divine makes the following remark—"Athanasius was firm in the truth, and could not yield a tittle in point of doctrine, but he was no such bigot as he is represented, or uncharitable." "In my view the *damnatory* clauses of the creed which bears his name, breathe the *noblest* exercise of CHRISTIAN CHARITY!!!"

When will christians cease thus to afford matter of triumph to the advocates of infidelity? CONSISTENCY is the brightest gem in the character of the professor of christianity.

The History and Antiquities of the Parish of Saint Leonard Shoreditch, and Liberty of Norton Folgate, in the Suburbs of London. By Henry Ellis, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. Nicols. 16s. in boards.

THIS is a work of respectability. Mr. Ellis seems to have taken pains in drawing up the history; and the reader must feel himself indebted to him for a

large portion of curious information. The author has ransacked the musty records of antiquity with industry and success.

Mr. Ellis justly rejects the popular tradition that the parish is named after Jane Shore ; and observes, that it received its name from *Shoreditch*, q. d. *Sewer-ditch*, that is *Cloacine fossa*, whence also the family of Sir John de Sordig (lord of the manor here) derived their name." The parish is divided into four liberties, Church End, Hoxton, Holywell, and Moorfields. Of each of these distributions an interesting detail is given, particularly Moorfields, which has been for a series of years the theatre of various exhibitions.

The public buildings, both civil and religious, are here described, their history traced, and some hints afforded respecting their present condition and prosperity. Every intelligent inhabitant of Shoreditch must feel an obligation to Mr. Ellis for the treasure which he has put into their possession. We congratulate him on his production, which does him so much credit ; and without hesitation, we pronounce it a masterly sketch of topography.

The plates, both of the church and its monuments, are executed with neatness and accuracy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall thank J. C. to send the *Life of Plutarch* for our inspection. His *Moral Tale* is under consideration.

Sonnets by S. Wells. *The Reply*, and several other favours, are received, and will be duly noticed.

as
ry

at
es,
d.
he
(re)
our
or-
de-
een
chi-

are
ints
ros-
ust
ich
nim-
and
etch

nts,

ur in-

ours,



Holt sculp.

Erasmus Darwin. W.D.B.F.R.

Published Sept^r. 1800. by H.D. Symonds. 2c. Paternoster Row.